

AN
E S S A Y
ON

SATIRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

To which is added,

STEVENS'S NEW LECTURE upon HEADS,

Now delivering

At the Theatre Royal, HAY-MARKET.

WITH

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

The SECOND EDITION.



—— Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? ——— HOR. SAT.

LONDON PRINTED:

SOLD by J. BELL, opposite Exeter'change, Strand.

M.DCC.LXXII.

STATISTICAL ESTABLISHMENT.
 TO THE NEW INSTITUTE upon HANOVER
 Now defining
 AS THE FINEST ROYAL MAY-MARKET.
 WITH
 CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS
 THE SECOND EDITION



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ADVERTISEMENT.

TH E remarks in the following performance, are the hasty production of a few hours. The avidity with which all ranks of people hunt after public places of amusement, gave rise to the thoughts in this short ESSAY; and the present NEW LECTURE at the Hay-market, occasioned their speed to the press. To the latter account, the indulgent public will justly attribute a number of those errors, they must naturally meet with, in this trifling publication.——

ALTHO' the author is unacquainted with the useful method of *short hand* writing,

writing, yet he flatters himself, he has done strict *literal* justice to Mr. *Stevens*, and the *Public*, in the LECTURE here subjoined ; conscious of no deviation from the *original*, but such, as a friendly commentator in justice to merit finds a secret satisfaction in making.

THE CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS were made on the first night's lecture, delivered this season at the Haymarket ; and were confirmed to the observer, by several other evenings punctual attendance.

HE is happy to confess the highest opinion of the abilities of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS. Should any thing therefore contained in these few pages, contradict his notions, that gentleman will not be displeased, when he is assured, they were made public from no other motives, than such as are consistent with FRIENDSHIP, and ESTEEM.

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A N
E S S A Y, &c.

AS every age has made fresh advances in speculative knowledge, it may seem strange, that each of them should likewise give birth to new absurdities. However it will not long remain a paradox, if considered in a serious light, as permitted by a wise providence, who through our numberless foibles reminds us, that PERFECTION belongeth but to one.

ALTHOUGH circumstanced thus by the will of an agent superior to our own, it has been the policy of wise nations to endeavour to correct these blemishes of human nature: at least to check the progress of them, either *directly* by punishment, or *indirectly*, by placing them in an unfavorable point of view.

B

THE

THE minds of men are variously affected. Their passions are to be encountered according to ~~their respective~~ ascendancy. The guardians of society, have therefore wisely had recourse to different expedients to work upon them. Individuals, or even bodies corporate, who would neither be reclaimed from error by the represented charms of virtue, nor awed by the counterfeited deformities of vice, were turned over to more severe monitors, as men destitute of sentiment and feeling. Hence arose the necessity of public courts of judicature.

As far back as history can attend us, we learn, that the vices and follies of mankind, found in the STAGE a strong remembrancer. The effects of the different passions were politically represented upon it, and in many countries this representation was religiously attended to. What influence these kind of public exhibitions, properly directed, had then upon the mind, may easily be drawn from the actions of those times. It was not uncommon for great and godlike deeds, to owe their origin to the sublime sentiment of the *poet*, and the address of the *player*. Nor was it unusual for infamy to start at its own shadow, and stand indebted to ridicule for a reformation, which principle could not accomplish.

THUS

Thus in the days of yore, deformity of every species was kept within some certain boundaries. Virtue was not intirely forsaken. She had some admirers who loved her for her own decency :—She had others who pretended the appearance of a friendship for her :—And the bulk of mankind were compelled for their own sakes to treat her at least with respect. Men as yet had not learnt to consider their imperfections as recommendatory qualifications ; or if any did blindly think them such, they found it necessary occasionally to conceal those accomplishments under the mask of innocence. These times it will be said by the GENIUSSES of the present age, were imitative, and humble.—It is true, mankind followed the beaten tracks of their unenlightened ancestors ;—were content to embrace the generality of their principles, without aiming at *Originality* in either extreme. Then, a base or unworthy character, saw not his own deformity, *veluti in speculum*, but his heart confessed the resemblance, and his conviction made some attonement for the error. They were indebted to the prejudice of education for the simplicity of their manners. It prevented them from *openly* deriding the religion of their country :—prevented them from waging *open* war against all laws of divine or human institution ;—nor

would it permit their temples to be adorned with laurels, acquir'd from the dishonor of their neighbour's bed,—the seduction of his daughter,—or the defamation of their several characters. These refinements on villainy were reserved for days, when nothing should retard their progress, when an almost universal consent should countenance their vegetation.

SUPPOSE GRAY'S "*rude forefather of the hamlet*" were permitted to revisit these territories of probation: What would be the astonishment of this primitive christian, to find, that the successive tenants of them had made such hasty strides, to complete the degradation of their nature!—How would he tremble to view the hoary head, that monitor of mortality, plotting the ruin of some helpless virgin?—How lament, that the domestic happiness of almost every second Family should be thus destroyed, by some fell robber of innocence and virtue!—And that the cloak of religion should be put on, for villainy to thrive with impunity! At such a view would he not retire contented to his clay cold "*narrow cell*," preferring even a state of annihilation there, than become again a miserable sojourner of such abodes.

IT

IT has been plausibly remarked by some foreigners of distinction, that in a country overrun with giant vices as this is, *Satire* should not descend to chastise the absurdities of dress, and fashion, 'till it has made a more noble conquest. With all the deference due to these polite travellers, the subject seems to be of that importance, to merit a dispassionate enquiry, before we presume to form a conclusion.

THE vices of this nation are many of them so notorious, as to be equally proof against the force of reason and argument, as the lighter weapons of laughter and ridicule. They are so united, as to defy any attack. Although we cannot gain a complete victory over them, it may be possible, however, to cut off their resources ; and so obtain by stratagem, what we could not by an advance in form. This has been the maxim of the wisest military leaders. It requires but very little consideration to inform ourselves, that from the vanities and follies of mankind, their respective vices are recruited. *Satire* therefore wisely levels her most pointed darts at the extravagancies of *Fashion*, *Taste*, and *Dress*. Destroy the cause and the effect ceases in course. Now, could we remove the effect,

fect, without destroying the primary cause, it would yield us but a momentary triumph, which might soon be superseded, by a succession of perhaps more enormous vices. To the vanities of *Dress* only, we may justly impute a large, and dark catalogue of human infirmities. Many an unhappy female has owed the origin of all her misery to a ridiculous attachment to those ornaments of dress, which she could not procure, but from the parter of her honor:—And many a deluded youth, from the same empty cause, has pined away existence in a dungeon, or made a shameful exit on a gibbet.

THE field for SATIRE thus rich and spacious, it is not at all surprising, that numbers should enter the Lists to encounter vice and folly, where success promised such a golden harvest. *Knights*, and *Esquires*, of various stamps and various powers, have successively stood forth. Too few of them however consider, that vices and follies of the first magnitude are not to be attacked, but by abilities of the first rate.

THERE seems to be a considerable misfortune attending all *Satirical Entertainments*, by which they have not their proper effect on particular classes of people: It is, *paying* for this kind of admonition. Whatever opinion
a man

a man forms of the rest of mankind, he finds it no difficult matter to creep in favor with himself: for this he is indebted to that large share of his composition we term *vanity*. A character thus in love with himself, calls for the severest lash to arouse him. But he is so far blinded, as to conceive, that the intent of every performance of this kind, is to amuse the auditors with *outré* characters, which have scarce an existence; and that, for the emolument of the players. Suppose such a being capable of a reflection, it would carry him no further than this conclusion: that nothing severe could be levelled at those who paid for their admission, and came therefore not *to be taken off*, but amused. They resemble in one particular the deluded followers of methodism, who fancy no thundering *anathema* can be applicable to them, because they divest themselves of impiety, as they contribute to their teacher.

THIS is indeed so far mere declamation, because a remedy cannot be proposed that will not be subject to many objections. However, such a being as I have represented, would more readily confess the resemblance of his vices or absurdities, were those vices and absurdities displayed on the stage, not from a pecuniary or any other motive, than that of reforming mankind.

AMIDST

AMIDST these misfortunes, it is however our happiness to be indulged with a GARRICK, a FOOTE, a WOODWARD, and a WESTON, &c. The two last, with great merit, are only nature's journeymen; the former two are more nearly connected with her. The follies of low life are strikingly exemplified by WESTON in his *Abel Drugger*,—*Sneak*,—*Doctor Last*,—*Billy Button*, &c. So they are likewise in WOODWARD's *Citizen*,—*Dick*,—*Buck*,—*Sir Chris. Cripple*, &c.

GARRICK, not only with all the united powers requisite to expose deformity of every kind, but with a bright example of prudence in his own person, (the severest satire on indecorum) gains it is true the applause of the town, as a debt to his merit, but scarce one proselyte from his scourge on folly. With the reasonable part of mankind, one would imagine such a satirist must have weight. To him it was given to portray infamy in its true shades; and in this mode of rebuke, he always spoke the language of his heart. He lashes the ridiculous characters of every stamp, age, and complexion. Altho' in his *Fribble*,—*Ranger*,—*Mr. Oakley*,—*Benedick*,—*Bayes*,—*Chalkstone*,—*Brute*, &c. he strikes home, and places such beings as these
in

in a disadvantageous point of view, yet we find the *real* characters in life, still existing.

FOOTE, could not account for the slowness of the *reformation*, when he considered to whose care it was entrusted. Relaxed one morning as usual after the over-night's familiarity with the *Garden*, the *Bottle*, and the *Dice*, he gave his thoughts a few minutes to reflection. He soon concluded, that the failure of Mr. *Garrick* was neither owing to a want of powers, taste, or abilities, but to a *defect* of education. "What, observed the humorist, signifies a man's being the bare representative of the different characters he appears in? That is not sufficient: We must go further, and make a more serious appeal to the passions, if we intend to command their attention. The world have shewn themselves regardless of this *theatrical prophet*: it was reserved for me to shew *Folly* her true complexion."

To turn Satirist upon the vices and failings we have been absurd enough to fall into ourselves, as it carries along with it somewhat more than mock-pageantry, so is it more likely to lead others to conviction. *Ex aliis discito*, &c. Hence, quick as the vegetation of a mushroom, was reared the *Little Theatre*: — Hence strutted Foote in *Young Wilding*,

Wilding, — Sir Luke Limp, — Flint, &c. The perverseness of human nature has puzzled the most inquisitive philosophers to discover its cause: The world readily confessed *Foote's* genius and humor, but would not be reclaimed, though "*here one rose from the dead.*"

IMAGINATION, one might reasonably conclude, had exhausted herself in researches for the reformation of manners, and the amusement of the public; notwithstanding, we find her still giving birth to new wonders to excite our attention. The general curiosity, however, is not the real thirst after instruction, but a desire for different scenes of dissipation. The *Quid rides? de te fabula narratur*: of *Horace*, retailed in the Motto to Mr. *Foote's* theatre, has very little effect. The lash of the *Roman* poet, though enforced by the nervous arm of our modern *Aristophanes*, is evaded by that uncommon vanity which characterizes the present times.

THE main, and indeed only useful design of SATIRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS, is totally perverted. Although at first we may perceive a counterpart of our actions disagreeably brought upon the *Stage*, yet by degrees we become less disgusted at the severe mode of the attack, and play with the reflection,
till

till familiarity makes us lose sight of its deformities. It has often this effect upon men, who are indulged with an understanding capable of contemplating their own imperfections. If SATIRE's poignancy be so soon lost with them, how can it operate with the present *Lord Chalkstones*, and *Sir John Brutes* of the age? *Drury-Lane* and *Covent-Garden* Theatres, exhibit every night many of these, and other equally *respectable* characters, who enjoy the representation, but cannot be induced to think, that "*Fabula de illis narratur.*"

MANY of our modern fine gentlemen behold in FOOTE's *Zach. Fungus*, a character replete with a kind of satire, which they seem highly to enjoy, but which nature has not enabled them properly to apply. Could they conceive that not only the vices and follies of the *Commissary*, but also the awkward attempts of mankind in general to *Gentility* and the *Bòn tòn*, were principal objects in the eye of the satirist, men would not when verging on the shady side of life, insult their city breeding, by the pretended accomplishments of the *Great horse*, and the *Foil*.

SINCE mankind therefore have vowed eternal warfare against prudence and decorum, it has been the maxim of late days, abstracted

from any motive of reformation, to make their absurdities subservient to the interest of individuals. Hence arose the present NEW LECTURE upon HEADS, which is the subject of some following observations. Mr. *Stevens* has taken this just advantage of the general dissipation; and the extravagant decorations of the *head* at this time, furnish him with various subjects for his abundant humor. Some of his reflections convince us, that he feels for our nature being thus insulted; and accordingly he spares not that fashionable race of mortals, who are the cause of these metamorphoses, and are distinguished by the appellation of the *Beau monde*.

The merit of Mess. *Garrick*, *Foote*, and others of Mr. *Stevens*'s cotemporary Satirists, has been frequently tried at the bar of the public. The writer of this little essay, is now about to take the same freedom with the celebrated *Lecturer upon heads*. However hard it may appear to be thus dealt by, there are powerful reasons to justify such a liberty. As a servant of the public, no *player*, whatever be his fortune, whatever be his abilities, can be ranked superior to the *public* reproof. —As men who sport with the infirmities of our nature for their own emolument, should their satire be ill grounded, or not truly characteristic,

racteristic, the world, on their failure, may justly make reprisals.

To be faultless in any profession, is not consistent with those limited powers, with which only we are invested. Hence arises CRITICISM, or a candid enquiry after merit. To portray CRITICISM properly, she should be made nearly to resemble JUSTICE. —And what then?—The balance of *Justice* is now discovered to be defective. * *

* * * * *
* * * * *

CRITICAL

...the world on their knees, and
...the world on their knees, and

To be included in any profession is not
equivalent with those limited powers, and
which only we are invited. Those who
Christianism, of a credit capacity after the
all. To portray Christianism properly, the
should be made new, to establish justice,
and what has been the history of
there is now allowed to be a history of
... ..
... ..

CRITICAL

C R I T I C A L
O B S E R V A T I O N S

ON THE
NEW LECTURE upon HEADS, &c.

T H E P R O L O G U E.

A PROLOGUE to an entertainment of this nature, seems totally unnecessary. The effect it has upon the audience, does not compensate for the theatrical violation. Mr. *Stevens* enters at the right-hand door abruptly, and awkwardly, and delivers this *pétit* piece of his own, not destitute of wit, and humor; but which suffers greatly by his voice, and action. An expressive countenance now and then atones for these defects. *Sallust's non omnia possumus omnes*, should only be quoted as a memento to a coxcomb: We do not however mean to insult the lecturer, with an application of so contemptible a character to him.

He

He informs us,

The world's worth a laugh, to laugh with or laugh at;
Hence comes the old * proverb, "*to laugh and grow fat.*"

AFTER some pertinent remarks on two or three characters, which are a kind of anticipation of what follows in the lecture, it concludes with these lines :

In ridicule, that exhibition see,
As rich in raree-show, as repartee,
Where wit squeaks round the room,—Do you know me?

[*Curtain draws up and discovers a variety of heads, differently ornamented, and in motion, repeating, "do you know me?"*]

Like heads of corn, in autumn's plenteous field;
Yon crop of heads dame *Fashion's* harvest yields.
From hints like these, I form'd my lecturing plan,
And strove to mark the mimic'ries of man.
If you find ought absurd in the deed, or design,
Of all heads to be seen here, the *wrong-head* is mine.
In behalf of that head, I put in my petition;
That you'll please to accept this droll exhibition.
I hope your attention will honor my story,
And the whim of this night may find favor before ye.

THE prologue as a composition, is neither great, nor void of merit. It would on all accounts have been better omitted: particularly as the author did not permit it to be spoken by some other person, who might have favored it with the aids of grace, and elocution.—In conformity to a ridiculous custom

* This proverb is amply verified in our lecturer: Who for his admired ridicule on the follies of mankind has amassed some thousands.

tom, it abounds with the *Apotheosis*: but every abrupt pause does not always "*speaking eloquence*." He has not only availed himself of the usual *poeticæ licentiæ*, but taken other liberties in the transmutation of his *verse*, &c. which the muses may not readily pardon. As a favorite, he may however obtain the forgiveness of the indulgent *Nine*, upon condition, that for the future he expose not these familiarities at an improper place, and season.

A C T I.

*The Lecturer stands behind a long table covered with green cloth resembling a * counter. Two screens placed behind obliquely form his ambuscade, from whence he conveniently draughts his forces.*

HIS INTRODUCTORY APOLOGY.

"BEFORE I presume to meddle with the heads of
 "other people, it may seem necessary to say some-
 "thing by way of apology on my own; if upon my
 "own any thing can be said to the purpose. But after
 "many various attempts, finding that I could not profit by
 "D "my

* On the front of it is this motto, AS YOU LIKE IT.

"my own, I have taken the liberty to collect a set of those belonging to other people."

I. WIGS.

"WIGS, as well as books, are furniture for the head, and both equally voluminous. *This (a full buckle)* we may suppose a huge *Quarto* in large paper. And *this (a jockey's)* a *Duodecimo* in small print."

THIS first observation is trifling. The ridiculous extremes, that are run into for these head dresses, or coverings, require it is true the finger of derision to expose them; and the subject so far merits a proper attention, that at least, the satire should be rendered obvious to the auditors, as well as the lecturer.

II. FOLIO VOLUMES, *carved in wood.*

"THIS is the present taste of *book building*. A man now may make a parade of much reading, by the meer assistance of his timber merchant."

THERE seems not to be a just foundation for this reflection. Mr. *Stevens* is indebted for the thought to the device of that mechanic, who first invented *Tee-chests*, &c. to resemble two or three volumes of books. A rapid sale for them, and great encomiums on the deception, were the rewards of the artist's ingenuity. As therefore, they seem never to have been intended, to represent the purchaser as a man of reading, the censure is ill-placed. For it does but very obliquely, and faintly reach those contemptible beings, who either fit up an elegant library at an immense expence, to stamp themselves men of letters, or who learn from information, that a house cannot be complete, without such a compilation of furniture. However the lecturer's observation leads to these his remarks, for which I fancy he hazarded the general position.

"THUS

" Thus a young student in the Temple may furnish himself with a collection of Law-books—*cut out of a whipping-post*. Physical dictionaries may be made—in *Jesuits bark*. Shakespeare's works—in *Cedar*. The Reviewers—in *Birch*. And the History of England—in *Heart of Oak*."

III. H E A D S.

" But here is a *HEAD* to which no *heart of oak* belongs. 'Tis the head of one of the *INSIPIDS*. He is called *Sir Dimple Daisy*: and these curls are *Love's Lapwings*. These delicate *Insensibles* are to be met with at all public places of entertainment;—a set of well-dressed, *dawdling Insignificancies*;—possessing neither sympathies, nor antipathies: They are polished too high to have any passions, for it's *vastly rude* to shew you are pleased;—and *vastly unpolite* to express the effects of any passion: extreme politeness never indulging in any effusion of the senses."

FROM the affected languish of the eye,—The dress of the hair,—The delicacy of the complexion, &c. the mechanic has in this bust, given us a striking resemblance of this race of the *Insipids*. The reflections delivered upon these heterogeneous kind of animals, are just, and humorous.

IV. " This is the representation of one of those, who fancy, that men to be witty must always be upon *the broad-grin*. This appearance is what many upon the stage put on, and what a great many, who are not upon the stage, *can never put off*. —He is always teizing you when in company, *to tell a story to make 'em all laugh*: Now do Mr.

“*What-d’-ye-call’em, tell us something to make us all laugh. And he’ll tell you the most beftest, and most comicaleft story, that ever you heard in all your born days; that will make you die a laughing. And he interlards his story with, and fo fays I—and fo fays he—and fo fays I to him—and he to me,—and as I was a faying to him, &c. Thus finishing his story and finding nobody laugh at it, he hangs down his jaw in a difconfolate manner, and fays, Why—Why it was a good story when —when I heard it; Why then—that’s all.*”

THE continued roar this representation caufes in the houfe, is a proof of its agreeable effect. The head of this *Broad-grinner* is well executed, and is a juft emblem of that numerous herd of *Baboons*, who from their faint refemblance of human nature, but more from their connection with fortune, are permitted thus to infest fociety. The lecturer’s perfonification of one of them, is highly entertaining; as we are here indulged with a difplay of his great comic powers.

V. “Poets of old lampooned the beaus of their times, for affixing *monkeys tails* to their heads. Our *Jemmies* more innocent, only wear fheeps tails added to theirs. They are copied from the Turkish fheep, who are obliged to have a fmall carriage on two wheels to draw their tails along. Mr. Moore is now inventing fome felf-moving machines, on purpofe to lighten the heads of our modern fine gentlemen. This (*turning the twifted tail*) feems like the handle to a bell-rope, to ring and enquire if any body is at home.—But if any one was at home, *Reason* would turn fcaenger, and remove this nuisance.—But what adds to the ridicule, is, that it does not belong to the head, but like an artificial tail upon a docked coach.”

“coach-horse, is only hung on for shew.—(Pulls
“it off.)”

VI. “HERE is another *fashionable Lump*! This
“is the thick stock fashion. Might we not very na-
“turally suppose there was some epidemical hoarse-
“ness about town, and that this bunch was put
“round the throat by way of *cataplasma*, to prevent
“the infection from spreading?—This is borrowed
“from the beau *Hottentots*, who twine the entrails
“of the beasts they kill in hunting about their
“necks, till they have enough to set up a tripe-
“shop. From hence, this little ornament on his
“shirt bosom was called a *chitterlin*. Our fathers
“used to wear *Cravats*, or *Turnovers*: Their sons
“wear *Turndowns*. (*here he takes out the shirt collar*
“*of an enormous size*) This seems calculated to be
“let down at dinner time, to prevent little master
“from greazing himself.”

THE satirist's observations on these absurdities in dress,
are reasonable and diverting. The contradistinction of
the imitations of the former beaux who wore monkey's
tails, and the modern, who resemble the Turkish sheep in
the figure and size of their tails, is a just lash on the ec-
centric geniusses of either time. The reflection on their
deficiency in understanding in, *Reason would turn scavenger*, &c. is weighty.—The idea of a sore throat, at the
light of so much linen coiled round the neck is natural;
—and the ridiculous rise of this fashion ironically ascribed
to the *Hottentots*, is severe and humorous.

VII. “THIS is MASTER JACKY, mama's dar-
“ling! His mother when she was with child of
“him, dreamt she was brought to bed of a pin-
“cushion. He wears no thick stock, but this
“small

"small piece of lace at the end of his cravat, pur-
 "loined from a lady's tucker. 'Tis placed thus
 "under his chin to denote, that such things as these
 "can make no other use of a lady's favors, than
 "to expose them. They aim so much to imitate
 "the ladies, that they are almost womanish. The
 "face is so delicate, that with the addition of a cap,
 "why may not MASTER JACKY, be taken for
 "Miss Jenny? Behold how easy the transition!
 "(puts a cap upon his head) If men are thus da-
 "ring enough to invade the ladies province, and
 "assume such female appearances, why may not
 "the ladies justly make reprisals, and take up that
 "manliness, these beings have thrown off. Here
 "is"

VIII. "The dress of DIANA the huntress; and
 "in this uniform, our females look like nymphs of
 "the chase. While these (pointing to the head of
 "Master Jacky) have so far femalized themselves,
 "that grammarians have been at a loss to determine,
 "whether they are masculine, or feminine, and so—
 "have set them down of the doubtful gender."

THE reflections upon these general characters, in *polite*
life, are many of them just, and shrewd. The *mâl* use
 that our *petit maitrès* make of the favors of the fair, is dis-
 played with great poignancy in the remark of "*the lace*
 "*purloin'd from a lady's tucker, &c.*" and the daring in-
 vasion of their province by mens effeminacy, is prettily
 observed.—The contrast between the riding dress of the
 women, and the cobweb vestments of our *Macaronies*, is
 strongly exposed, by an exhibition of both at the same
 time. The delicacy of the lecturer, is here very much
 to be admired, who only produces the lady in her riding
 dress, which he justly concludes a severe satire, unaccom-
 panied with many observations. But those on *Master*
Jacky

Jackey are spirited : And I think Mr. *Stevens's* grammarians without any violent breach of concord, might have ventured to set such beings down of the *Neuter Gender*.

BUT what in the name of *sense*, and *satire*, can be understood by "*his mother when she was with child of him, dreamt she was brought to bed of a pincushion?*"—Did the lecture abound with many of these *strokes*, it would be necessary to have a *viva voce* commentator, who standing by Mr. *Stevens*, might explain (as is frequently done by commentators in the literary world) those passages, which the author himself could not. I have reason for an opinion, that it is meant only as a mere *expletive*. For some years ago, in his first lecture, he was attached to this foolish pincushion, and with as much seeming propriety as in the present instance. The head then under inspection, was that of a *tea-table critic*. He was likewise *Mama's darling* ! at that time however this pincushion, was made the *real child* of the young man's head, and not, as now, the *imaginary offspring* of a dozing woman. The following was the lecturer's account.

ON the death of this *critic*, "we divided the *scutels* of his head with an ivory bodkin ; but as to the "*cutis* and the *cuticular* ;—the *cerebrum*, and the "*cerebellum*, &c. we found nothing of them : and "instead of brains we discovered this pincushion."

THIS is too absurd to pass over, consistent with candor. And as Mr. *Stevens* severely inveighs against the English nation, "*for sacrificing sense to jargon, and empty sound,*" it would not be ill timed to apply to him that advice, he gives his audience, after justly burlesquing the *Italian Operas*.

"But do justice to England,—good sense, and YOUR-SELF."

IX. "Here is a head *in high taste* ; one of the "family of the *FINNICALS*. His head dress is called "the *Forehead shrubbery* ; and resembles the cab-
2 " bage

“ bage tree plant, whose fruit grows all on the
 “ top. At the first view, the spectator would be
 “ apprehensive, that the wearer might be in dan-
 “ ger of being over-set by a gust of wind; but
 “ that is prevented by this ballance affixed behind,
 “ which they call a *Club*.—They are a society who
 “ never say great things, being only haberdashers of
 “ small talk: they never give a sentence its full
 “ force and utterance, for fear of putting their lips
 “ out of order. It is to these pretty FINNICALS
 “ we are indebted for that refinement on our lan-
 “ guage, so often made use of in the *bòn tòn*, — *im-*
 “ *mensely pon onner*, — *vastly*, — *pon onner immensely*! —
 “ as if it were spelt thus; PON ONNER (holding up
 “ a garter. — Is it not strange, that persons who pre-
 “ tend to politeness, should utter such vulgarisms
 “ as these: — prodigiously *thin*! — monitrously
 “ *small*! — *vastly*, *little*! and immensely *low*! —
 “ There are laws for the preservation of the game,
 “ but not one, for the * eight parts of speech. If
 “ a statute in their behalf were made, and provided,
 “ it would be of service to gentlemen on both sides
 “ of the question, and form a coalition of parties.
 “ For if all our politicians did but study their acci-
 “ dence, there could not be any more *false con-*
 “ *cords*.”

THESE characters in *high taste*, as they principally
 abound with absurdities, so are they here treated with
 the severity they merit. The power of the wind on one
 of their extravagant foretops, we are humorously shewn,
 is counteracted by what they call a *Club*; which huge
 bundle is exhibited. Poignant as the satire really is in
 this representation, we see these very *Finnical* coxcombs

every

* He might have said *nine*; for our language is composed of
 that number.

every night at the Haymarket, who come there, but to sport with their own inconsistencies.

THE observations on those vulgarisms made use of by these gentry are trite, and the authors of such pitiful innovations ludicrously exposed.—Considering Mr. Stevens's unhappy propensity to punning, he dismisses this *Finnical's* head with great wit, and pleasantry.—

X. “ As there was a *head in high taste*, so here
 “ is one *in low taste*. This is the head of a LONDON
 “ BLOOD, taken from the life: he wears a bull's fore-
 “ top, in commemoration of that celebrated blood of
 “ antiquity *Jupiter*, who transformed himself into
 “ a bull, that he might run away with *Europa*:
 “ And ever since that time, the *Bloods* have been
 “ very fond of making beasts of themselves.—He
 “ was a *genus*, and *lov'd fun*! He was quite the
 “ thing, either *for kicking up a riot*, or *keeping it up*
 “ after he had *kickt it up*. This was a *very high*
 “ *fellow*: he would toss a beggar in a blanket:
 “ chuck a waiter out of the window, and bid him
 “ be put in the reckoning,—run his head against a
 “ wall;—hop round the room with a red hot poker
 “ between his teeth, and say *done first for fifty*. He
 “ was a man of infinite fancy, for one day he kicked
 “ an old woman's coddling kettle about the streets,
 “ because *be loved fun*!—And not a long time since,
 “ he pushed a blind horse into a china-shop: That
 “ was *damn'd jolly*!—He is a terror to modest wo-
 “ men! and a dupe to women of the town! of the
 “ latter, this is exhibited as a portrait:

XI. “ As this (pointing to the blood) is the
 “ head of a *blood of the town* or a BUCK, so this, is
 “ the

“ the head of a woman of the town, or a ———, but
 “ whatever other title the lady may have, we are
 “ not entitled here to take notice of it. All that
 “ we shall observe is, that when we attempted a dis-
 “ section of *this (the blood)* it was too hard for our
 “ instruments to penetrate; and this we found so
 “ tender (*the woman of the town*) that it mouldered
 “ away, as we laid our hands upon it.”

THE bust of the BLOOD, is a striking resemblance of that character. The figure, and the masterly manner in which it is exposed, combine to raise an universal detestation for such an object. The observations of the lecturer speak for themselves: but they cannot be done strict justice to, when abstracted from the humorist's drollery.

THE modest *apothecesis* concerning the women of the town, does Mr. Stevens great credit. As the want of understanding in these men is well displayed by a surgical metaphor, so the deviations of the fair sex from rectitude, and virtue, are prettily remarked by the same figure.

XII. “ And here is a LONDON BLOOD, *after he*
 “ *has kept it up.* This is a married Blood too! But
 “ it is ridiculous for a man with a bumper in his
 “ hand, to think of a wife, that would be spoiling
 “ his sentiment.—He must *keep it up!* What a pret-
 “ ty piece of furniture this is for a delicate lady's
 “ bed chamber!—I shall conclude the first part
 “ of this lecture by attempting an imitation of one
 “ of these Bucks *keeping it up!*”

[Here he puts on a disbevell'd wig, and represents the character in the following words.]

“ *Keep it up!* — He! he! he! he!—*keep it*
 “ *up!*—I'll tell you what makes me laugh. We
 “ were

“ were *keeping it up* the other night, till about four
 “ o’clock in the morning. And so—and so—there
 “ was *Will* the Waiter fast asleep down by the kit-
 “ chen fire. The dog can’t *keep it up* as we do.
 “ And so *be ! be !—be !* and so, I lays hold of the
 “ tongues, and takes a swingeing red hot coal out
 “ of the fire—and—and—claps it upon his foot,
 “ because *I love fun !* and so I laugh be—be—be-
 “ cause I burnt the fellow.—*Keep it up !* he !
 “ ha ! ha !—I’ll tell you a damn’d good thing I said
 “ last week ; its the best thing I ever said in all
 “ my life : its one of your *bob mots*, or *reputees*.
 “ You must know I stole a dog from a blind man ; for
 “ *I love fun !* and so the blind man cried for his dog.
 “ So says I to the blind man, what you want your
 “ dog ? Yes Sir says he. Now mind what I said to
 “ him. And so you want your dog ? Yes Sir.
 “ Why then — — — — — *go look for him*. There !—
 “ aw ! aw ! aw !—he ! he !—*keep it up !*—

“ I hate the *parsons !* I am sick whenever I think
 “ of one ! My brother’s a *parson* too. I went to
 “ dine with him the t’other day, and there were
 “ my sisters, and some what ye call *modest women* :
 “ but I soon sent them from the table before dinner
 “ was half over.—My brother cant bear *swearing* ;
 “ and so I was a mind to sweat him. So I begun to
 “ swear, ay ! I swore all my new oaths !—I never
 “ swore so well in all my born days !—At last my
 “ brother, damn’d angry, laid down his knife and
 “ his fork, and turning up the whites of his eyes,
 “ called out, *ob Tempora ! ob Mores !*—Look you
 “ brother said I, don’t think to bully me by calling
 “ all your fellows about you : let e’m come in ;

“ and I’ll box *Tempora* first, and *Mores* after. Come
 “ —bring ’em in. I’ll box ’em both together!—
 “ If they won’t face me I’ll go and meet them, &c.”
 [*Lecturer retires strip’d, and in a boxing attitude,
 and the curtain drops.*]

THIS comic wag seems to play with the character so easy and naturally, that we shrewdly guess it must have been in part familiar to him. The various transactions are told in the different tones of voice, and expressed by distorted features, such as one may suppose the blood to assume at they time they happened.—The pleasure he takes in insulting a brother’s, and sister’s veneration for virtue, is strongly exemplified. His ignorance—love of boxing, &c. is fully displayed, in the droll idea of *Tempora* and *Mores* being his brother’s servants, &c. Upon the whole, it is unjust to attempt to describe this masterly imitation, as it can scarce appear the shadow of *Stevens’s Blood*; nor would that representation have suffered this violence, but from a desire in the author to indulge the public if possible, with the whole of this celebrated lecture.

END of A C T I.

A C T

A C T II.

The portraits of PAINTING—ARCHITECTURE—POETRY—MUSIC and ASTRONOMY at whole length, placed in view.

I. “THESE *five Scientificks* are exhibited here,
 “merely as pictures in a book of emblems.
 “They were long in this kingdom unpatronized
 “and unknown: because *Sir Somebody*, who had
 “travelled *every where*, hearing they were born in
 “England, insisted upon it there could not be any
 “true genius amongst them; for our atmosphere
 “was too damp, and too foggy to nourish any fine
 “ideas. They were therefore lodged along with
 “WIT and INVENTION, in the miserable tenement
 “of *Insolvency*. However to keep themselves from
 “starving, *Painting* hired herself to grind colors
 “for a paper-stainer.—*Architecture* took on as brick-
 “layer’s labourer to a Chinese temple builder.—
 “*Poetry* turned printer’s devil.—*Music* sung bal-
 “lads about the streets:—and *Astronomy* cry’d *Al-*
 “*manacs*.—At last however they grew in favor
 “with *Lady Fashion*, having been remarkably civil
 “to her Ladyship’s lap dog. *Painting* drew a por-
 “trait of him.—*Architecture* built a little house for
 “him to sleep in.—*Poetry* made a copy of verses
 “upon him.—*Music* set a tune to it:—and *Astro-*
 “*nomy*

“ *mony* calculated the dear little creature’s nativity.
 “ This so pleased *Lady Fashion*, that she carried
 “ them together with *Invention*, to the house of
 “ *Ostentation*. But *Wit* could not be admitted of
 “ the party, because he was still out of fashion.
 “ However some of the upper servants hearing *Wit*
 “ was at the door, had him into the steward’s room:
 “ And according to the different notions they en-
 “ tertained of him, *one* desired he would break the
 “ poker across his arm.—The cook-maid begged
 “ that he would be so kind, as be so civil, as to tell
 “ her fortune upon the cards:—the butler was ra-
 “ ther for a tune upon the musical glasses;—and
 “ the groom observed, that if his honor was a *wit*,
 “ he could ride three horses at once. Before *Wit*
 “ could reply to any of these questions, the French
 “ governess came down, and finding who the visi-
 “ tor was, ordered him to be turned out; saying,
 “ *en verité, if you will have us to teach you—and to*
 “ *be your masters, you must have no wit at all.*—*Wit*
 “ went now to visit *Hospitality*, but it being at a
 “ turtle-feast, there was no room for him.—He en-
 “ quired for *Friendship*, but learnt that *Friendship*
 “ was drowned at the last general election.—He
 “ asked next for *Charity*; but was told that charity
 “ was trampled together in the spiritual court*.
 “ *Wit* did not long survive, dying of a broken
 “ heart the first masquerade night: A broken heart
 “ being the universal premium, that every genius,
 “ and every beauty receives, who too generously
 “ have

* This unintelligible *stroke* is sometimes relieved by the fol-
 lowing, which though feeble, is less benighted.—“ But was
 “ told that *Charity* was trampled to death by the bishop’s new
 “ set of coach horses.”

“ have made other people happy, and then are weak
 “ enough to wonder how the world can be ungrate-
 “ ful *.”

THIS allegory, compiled from different parts of the former lecture, now carries with it the air of novelty, and has considerable merit. The general inattention to the polite arts, by which they had long remained unnoticed, is strongly marked by the represented distress of *Painting*, *Architecture*, &c.—The manner of their creeping into esteem, together with their not being able to procure even the same unfriendly countenance for *Wit*, is a just satire on those *genuine* sons of taste, who encourage merit merely because it's fashionable.—The notions mankind in general entertain of *wit*, as represented in the reception he met with in the steward's room, are not only unconnected—but are treated in a manner too low, and trifling for so fine a subject.—But the observations of the *Gouvernante Françoise*, convey a just reflection on the weakness of those parents, who entrust the care of the education, nay the guardianship of the very morals of their offspring to wretches, whose ignorance and vanity too often, are the only commendatory passports from their own country to ours.—*Wit's* enquiries after *Hospitality*,—*Friendship*,—and *Charity*, are dull, and might have been omitted. The lecturer kills poor *Wit* at last after a variety of vicissitudes on the first masquerade night. Mrs. *Cornelys* will not be obliged to him for the observation, particularly as the censorious part of the world, may attribute the death of this personage to her account, and so be the means of depriving her of that licence for fashionable *amusements*, which has long depended on the fluctuating caprice of the children of dissipation. However, he makes some atonement for this shaft of malice, by the conclusion which
 ment

* “ *Wit* was persecuted even after death being denied the
 “ rights of christian burial, because no one would give secu-
 “ rity for the fees.” This sentence, in the lecture follows the
 asterisk; but it has so little merit compared with the generality
 of the allegory, that it is honouring it too much to insert it in
 the margin.

accompanies it. "*A broken heart being the universal premium,*" &c.

II. "HERE is that very *Sir Somebody*! a modern connoisseur of paintings! &c. He was a native of this kingdom, and had travelled long enough to fall in love with the foreign fripperies of another country, and to despise every thing belonging to his own,—*but himself*. He pretends to be a great judge of paintings: but only admires those done a long time ago, and a great way off.—At a sale of pictures one day in a public auction room, he was giving himself his usual airs;—took out his glass, and surveying the room round, he at last cast his eye upon an inimitable piece of fruit and flowers. He could not give his opinion of it, till he had looked at his catalogue, and finding it to be done by an *Englishman*, he surveys it for a moment with an eye of scorn, and then exclaims to a gentleman who accompanied him, Horrid stuff Sir!—*villainous!*—why Sir there's nothing of the master—*no keeping;—no foreground;—no contour.*—Why the fellow has spoilt a fine piece of canvas.—He's worse than a common sign post painter!—He's no more taste in coloring,—than a Dutch skipper has in dancing a *cotillion*.—He has endeavoured to draw a fly upon that there rose leaf: Why it's no more like a fly, than I'm like a—But just as the connoisseur was approaching the canvas with his finger,—*the insect flew away.*"

THE family of this *Sir Somebody* is now branched out into such an infinity of lines, that it would be difficult to enumerate them. Each however retains that hereditary merit of possessing the original self-consequence, which the lecturer makes the grand characteristic of this supposititious baronet.

It

It would be impertinent even to imagine, that in his imitation, he had in view a certain Captain of the Guards, whose taste in paintings never led him further than an admiration of those pieces, deformed by the hand of time, or cruelly ascribed to the pencils of the first masters of *Italy*.—The borrowed technical terms, conceitedly applied in the “*no keeping—no foreground—no contour, &c.*” is the despicable language of these modern connoisseurs; and we have much reason to apprehend, will too often insult some production of merit, at our ensuing exhibitions.—The just derision that should ever await these pretenders to taste, is masterly expressed in this concise remark of the lecturer. “But as he approached the canvas with his finger,—*the insect flew away.*”

THE satire is justly founded: and the imitation is humorous, and diverting.

III. “Here is a companion to that gentleman! “This is the head of a REASONER, who will believe nothing but from the evidence of his own senses.—He disinherited his only son, because the boy could not give him a reason, why a black hen laid a white egg.—He once dissected a pair of bellows, to discover the origin of *puffing*.—“This was a great *materialist*, and thus he proved *the infinity of matter.*”

“All round things, Sir! are *globular*; and
 “All square things,—*flat sided*.
 “Now as the top, is equal to the bottom,
 “And the bottom is equal to the top,
 “And the top and bottom equal to the two sides,”
Ergo, all matter is as broad, as it's long.

THIS head is justly made the companion of the former, for their like ridiculous attachments to matters, of which they are totally unacquainted. The self-sufficiency of
 F this

this latter sect of *Opinionalists*, is every day exhibited in a variety of cases, by a variety of people, who from unknown and groundless causes, assume an important air of *consequentiality*,—and even refuse the ear of complaisance to any observation, that falls not within the compass of their own narrow, and absurd conclusions.—The disinheriting his son for the cause assigned—and the dissection of the bellows to discover the origin of *puffing*,—convey nothing either severe or witty.—However the manner in which the *Reasoner* proves the *infinity of matter*, makes amends for this little *doze*: as the ridiculous adherence to the *froth of Logic* in both our universities, is fully exposed, in this *burlesque syllogism*, “*All round things, &c.*”

IV. “*EVERY* single speaker, who like me,
“endeavours to entertain an audience, has not only
“that audience to dread, but every part of his own
“conduct to fear; but that the author of this lecture may not offend *Anybody*, he begs leave to
“introduce *NOBODY’S HEAD*, or the head of nobody: because thus adorned with a *fool’s cap*,
“*Nobody* will chuse to own it.

“*THE* first of these sort of bonnets, we are told,
“was worn by judge *Midas*, who was *honor’d* with
“a pair of prominent ears as a mark of his false
“taste. The fable tells us, so great was his power,
“that any thing he touched he turned to gold. Our
“false taste is *touching every thing with gold*. And
“as *Midas* made any thing gold by a *touch*, now-a-days *touch* some people *with gold*, and you make
“*them* any thing. But further to illustrate gold
“touching.”—[Vide V.]

FROM the serious opening of this apologetical address, we had no reason to imagine the lecturer intended to insult us, by concluding it with a miserable *pun*;—one, equally mysterious,

mysterious, as absurd.—The head of *Nobody* is improperly adorned with the *fool's cap*. But the rise of the form and fashion of that cap, is humorously ascribed to *Midas*, who was compelled to wear a pair of enormous ears, for the decision he made in favor of *Pan*, against *Apollo*. The extravagance, and dissipation, which occasion the present manner of touching, are here prettily contrasted to that mode of the ignorant judge. “*But now-a-days touch some people with gold, &c.*”

V. “HERE is an ELECTION PICTURE, composed of the hands and mouths of the freeholders. The mouths seem to bawl, till the hands have caught: and to pronounce that old, and admired sentiment, *May we have in our arms, what we love in our hearts*. With the Greeks, the day of election was called *Madman's holiday*. But with us, it is the golden day of *liberty*, which [*liberty it is supposed he means*] every voter carries to market, and is his own salesman. Because man at this time considered as a machine, is acted upon as other machines are; and therefore to keep his wheels in proper motion, he is properly greased in the fift.”

THE manner in which the suffrages of the people are too often obtained, is strongly marked in the observations on the *election picture*: which are enforced by some of his usual witticisms. They have here a happier effect, than the generality we have yet met with.

VI. “But let us go back to the origin of the shape and color of money, which is as follows.

“THE first contested election was upon *Mount Ida*, between the three goddesses, when *Paris* was returning officer, who decreed it in favor of *Venus*, by presenting her with a *golden apple*.

“ [*shows a golden apple*] The queen of beauty, in
 “ gratitude to him, who had so well managed the
 “ election for her, complimented him with two or
 “ or three slices of that *Golden pippen*. [*exhibits*
 “ *some slices of it*] And in commemoration of that
 “ event, such slices have been made use of at all
 “ future elections.—They have a sympathy like
 “ that, which happens to electrical wires: let a hun-
 “ dred hold them in their hands,—the sensation
 “ shall be the same. But they differ from these wires
 “ in one essential point: For let the touch be ever
 “ so great—it never *shocks people*.”

THE fiction of the antient poet in the fable, is here wrested from its original design, to answer a commendable purpose. The turn is lively and humorous;—the story is told with the satirist’s wonted pleasantry;—and the application is levelled at those *returning officers*—*borough-jobbers*, &c. who have been the daring assassins of our noble constitution. The interposition of the legislature after the last general election, brought some of these villains to justice; and the lecturer holds up a reflection of their infamy, to deter others from imitating so base an example. The sympathy of gold is happily compared to that of electrical wires in *one* instance;—and their variation in another, is remarked with some drollery.

VII. “ Upon this head [*Nobody’s*] there is a
 “ blank: because we could not put *Anybody’s face*,
 “ upon *Nobody’s head*. But

“ HERE is the head of *Somebody*. He has two
 “ faces; because somebody is supposed to carry two
 “ faces: one is passable, the other a little discom-
 “ posed. *Party* is accustomed thus to paint people,
 “ For we think those people frights, who won’t say as
 “ we say, and do as we do. The other face is meant
 “ as

" as a hint to that part of mankind, *who are well*
 " *with Somebody*.—One of this stamp not long ago
 " at a tavern, was entertaining his next neighbour
 " with an account of his gallantries.—I'll tell you
 " what *Jack*, says he,—I'll tell you a secret—but
 " you'll not let it go any further, you'll be upon
 " honor now—Why I should not have parted with
 " *Poll*, but my *Lady Dutchess* insisted upon it.—
 " She grew immensely jealous at my visiting the
 " girl, and so I was obliged to part with her—for
 " you know I could not give up *her grace*. She's
 " very fond of me,—but damme if I know how it
 " is — I'm almost tired of her!—I'll shew you
 " her grace tomorrow in the Park—she's a prodi-
 " gious fine woman!—In the midst of all this
 " gallantry, which existed but in idea, the toast-
 " master called to order, and *asked for a lady*.
 " The gentleman, whose turn it was, instead of giv-
 " ing a living lady, gave in a frolic for his toast,
 " the Greek name for the tragic muse, who is called
 " MELPOMENE.—Ah ah! Mr. Chairman, re-
 " joins our hero, to keep up his consequence, I see
 " you are going into my beat; you are for a round
 " of *Demi-reps*.—Ay! I knew *Moll Pomeny* very
 " well! she was a very fine girl, and so was *Bett*
 " *Pomeny* her sister!- - - - I had 'em both."

WHEN we have indulged the lecturer with his play
 upon the heads of *Nobody, Somebody, &c.* "*he is himself again.*"
 The hint to that part of mankind, *who are well with some-*
body, and the anecdote which follows it, is just,—humor-
 ous,—and sentimental. Our despicable race of *modern*
 gallants are portrayed in proper colors, and finished from
 the life. The assassin of female honor, is here boldly ar-
 raigned, and judiciously exposed. The cruelty of these
 monsters in human form, is not to be paralleled from any
 anecdotes, we have yet gathered of the most savage barba-
 rians.

rians. These *whisperers* with their infectious breath, can blast the most spotless character. The stains *they* leave, are never to be washed out by floods of tears, nor is female innocence to be justified, by a perseverance of the most faultless conduct.—The cause of this wanton cruelty is justly ascribed to *vanity*, and ignorance, in the account of *Melpomene*, &c. And Mr. *Stevens* gives us here a pleasing proof of the goodness of his heart, in stepping thus forward, to the protection of *woman's injured virtue*.

VIII. “WHAT a play upon words might these heads afford! from *Nobody* to *Somebody*,—from *Somebody* to *Anybody*,—and from *Anybody* to *Everybody*! [*producing the several heads.*] And from these, a fifth head is formed, called a *Busybody*; who is so anxious to know *Everybody's* business, that he will keep company with *Anybody*, to learn what *Somebody* is about; till at last he is stopped in his pursuit by this head [*Nobody's*] when *Nobody* will tell him any thing about it.—This head [*Anybody's*] with his eyes shut, his ears stopt, and his mouth closed, is the emblem of wisdom: and *Anybody* may become thus wise; if they will not pry into other people's affairs,—if they will not listen to the tales of other people,—nor tell tales themselves, but mind their own business, and be quiet.—These four heads [*as above*] form the whole system of modern English politics. Because, *Anybody* may be supposed to be set at work by *Somebody*!—and *Everybody* is alarmed at it!—and at last it comes out, that ———*Nobody knew any thing at all of the matter*!—They likewise persuade people to purchase Lottery-tickets, more than all Mess. *Richardson's* and *Goodluck's* advertisements: For as the 20,000 l. must come to *Somebody*, and *Nobody* knows

“ knows who,—and as *Anybody* may have it—so
 “ *Everybody* buy tickets.”——

As this is the last time he has an opportunity in the course of the lecture, of *playing* so much upon these ridiculous heads, we will let it pass without that severity of censure, such an effusion of nonsense would justify.—There is notwithstanding, something whimsical in his formation of the system of modern English politics, and the reason assigned for the lottery's filling. But we see this last, in perhaps a different point of view to what he does; or he would not thus childishly trifle with this canker to our constitution, which demands *Satire's* tenfold ire. The subject cannot be otherwise than remarkably serious, when deluded individuals are thus defrauded of their money, and that at the instigation of a prime minister.

IX. “ HERE are six antique medals [*painted*
 “ *on canvas*] called ESTEEM,—FRIENDSHIP,—GEN-
 “ EROUSITY,—COMMON SENSE,—GRATITUDE, and
 “ PUBLIC SPIRIT. They are of English manufac-
 “ ture, and some time ago passed current in this
 “ country. But they had been so strangely coun-
 “ terfeited, that *Nobody* at last would have any
 “ thing to do with them, so they were ordered to
 “ be sent to the workhouse, where they could have
 “ *Nobody* to take care of them. But so great was
 “ the rage of party; that they were refused admit-
 “ tance into the workhouse; because they all said
 “ they were foreigners.—The first that spoke on
 “ the occasion was the parish clerk; who said—As
 “ to *friendship*, if a man paid his debts, what oc-
 “ casion had he for friendship:—and if he did not,
 “ where would he find a friend to pay 'em for him.
 “ Why no where: therefore *Friendship* was nothing
 “ but nonsense.—The next speaker, slowly rising
 “ from behind the froth of a full tankard of por-
 “ ter,

“ter, observed,——That he—he—humbly per—
 “sum’d,—that as if,—and as how,—because, and
 “—so, mayhap—and perhaps, barring accidents,
 “—no one was certain sure of his own opinion.
 “However as to *Generosity*, it was only fit for rich
 “folk at an election time. And—as for—as for
 “your *Gratitude*, why he supposed, that was in
 “fashion, when *Do-as-you’d-be-done-by* was made
 “member of parliament. And as for *Public Spi-*
 “*rit*, that was a licence to sell spiritous liquors——
 “And as to *Esteem*, why some folk esteemed rum
 “punch, and some brandy punch; but poor peo-
 “ple should have no punch at all; and therefore
 “*Esteem* had nothing to do in the workhouse. And
 “as for *Common Sense*, it was too common, and too
 “*wulgar* for Gemmen of a London vestry to trou-
 “ble their heads about. And as their beadle the
 “other day had taken up a strolling beggar, called
 “*Common Honesty*, he woted, that both *Common*
 “*Sense* and *Common Honesty* should be put into
 “the same cripple-cart, and sent to Bridewell; be-
 “cause he did not believe they could prove a settle-
 “ment any where.——Upon this Mr. *Lattitat* the
 “attorney got up, and said, That as to *Friend---ship*
 “——as to *Friend---ship*, why---he must beg leave
 “to *demur*: because *Friendship* was what the *Law*
 “had nothing to do with.——He never knew an
 “action brought upon friendship.——If he had a
 “client that had nothing better than *friend---ship*
 “to depend upon, he would not advise him to go
 “on with the suit, for he was sure he would be non-
 “suted.——There might have been an act of parlia-
 “ment formerly about it, but it was either obsolete,
 “or repealed; for there was no such practice in the
 “courts of law now.——The next speaker rose
 “up

“ up in a passion, and said, *Imprimis* first of all
 “ and foremost, that *Friendship* was nothing but
 “ an outlandish *lingo*: that the best friend a man had,
 “ was a man's own money, and that friendship was
 “ only to get a man's own money, out of a man's own
 “ pocket. But that for his part, he was for the
 “ good of his country. And he compared his coun-
 “ try to a large plumb pudding, where every one
 “ was for picking all the plumbs out. And he re-
 “ commended to all his brethren of the vestry, to
 “ beware and take notice, and shun bribery and
 “ corruption, as he had done: for they all knew
 “ that he had refused fifty guineas of *Sir Timothy*
 “ *Turnabout* at the last election: It was true he said,
 “ he did acknowledge, that he had taken a hundred
 “ on the other side: But what then?—’*tother side*
 “ *was all for the good of their country.*—Mr. *Deputy*
 “ *Verdegrease* then informed the gentlemen, that a
 “ *Jew Conjuror* waited below to divert them with
 “ some flight of hand tricks. Accordingly he was
 “ ordered up, and a motion made for a sub-
 “ scription for him; but that was over-ruled, by
 “ many of them observing, Why should they be any
 “ thing out of pocket? They would make the *Jew*
 “ gentleman a present out of the poor's money.
 “ The conjuror was therefore introduced to the up-
 “ per end of the table, while all these fine accom-
 “ plishments were turned out of doors, and an or-
 “ der made in the book, that for the future they
 “ would have nothing to do with any such *verment.*”

THE allegory now before us, when compared to that of
 the *five Scientificks* in the beginning of this act, seems de-
 void of that vivacity and humor, of which the other has so
 uncommon a portion. As we acknowledge to have reason
 to regret the injuries daily offered to these *antique medals*,

so we cannot but lament, that so good a cause had not been better supported, than we observe in the present attempt. They are made very unaccountably the subject of the debates in a London vestry; except they were thus tortured, to introduce the outlines of extraordinary characters, of which the author could have but very chimerical notions. The whole narration is a tedious detail of unnatural circumstances, ill-supported by tones and gestures, equally absurd. 'Twas remarked of the sublime author of the *Illiad*, that he sometimes *nodd*d.—It would be charity here to say of our lecturer, that he was in a perfect state of *somnolency*.—The notion of a parish clerk's speaking at a London vestry, and that first, is ridiculous; if we mean to "*keep probability in view*." And the speech he is furnished with, is uttered with the whining delivery of a quaker.—The second speaker, who is *taken off*; is made so very *outré*, both in his speech, and the manner of speaking, that the imitation, if it can be so term'd, bears not the least resemblance to any being, endued with the gift of utterance.—Mr. *Lattitat* is a just copy of that ignorance, and effrontery, which characterize the scum of a valuable profession: Wretches, who attend vestry meetings, and other assemblies, to sow sedition for their own emolument, and who exist but upon those dissensions between man and man, which degrade our nature. The character so obnoxious, it was unpardonable in the lecturer to censure thus slightly, where invention should have been busily employed, at least to proportion an adequate punishment.—The last orator, with his *imprimis first and foremost*, is with the two first equally unnatural, and unentertaining.—And the introducing a conjurer, and paying him out of the poor's money, is a stale, and hackney'd observation.—As it now stands, the whole of this representation not only does discredit to the Lecturer, but is an insult to common sense. The subject is good and copious; and from his attention, we may expect to see it differently treated by a representation of *real* characters. It is an old *Theatrical* manœuvre to impose upon the town a deluge of pantomine buffoonery, for rational entertainments: But Mr. Stevens cannot have even their absurd pretence for his nonsense; since to answer a pecuniary motive, the one

shilling

shilling gallery has never been opened, during this exhibition at the Haymarket.

X. “ Here is the head of the *Jew conjuror*, who
 “ will command the four aces at a whistle,—mat-
 “ tadores at the snap of his finger, and get odd tricks.
 “ — but there are a great many other people in and
 “ about London, famous for doing *odd tricks*, and
 “ yet are no *conjurors*.—When we see some people
 “ strutting about in laced cloaths, can we suppose
 “ them otherwise than conjurors, and that any thing
 “ less than art magic could furnish them with such a
 “ wardrobe? Or we must suppose *them no conjurors*,
 “ who are weak enough thus to equip them.—Here
 “ is the bust of an *antient conjuror*. [*producing it.*]
 “ In this beard, the eggs of art magic were sup-
 “ posed to be hatched. But now—the smooth chin,
 “ the laced coat, and solitarie, constitute the mo-
 “ dern conjuror. These gentry would make a fi-
 “ gure in the law, because they are such excellent
 “ conveyancers; but the law is a profession, that has
 “ *no need of Jugglers*.—Here is one or two of their
 “ tricks, or experiments, of which *Sir Isaac New-*
 “ *ton* was never master. [*takes a broad piece of mo-*
 “ *ney between each finger and thumb, and conveys them*
 “ *dexterously out of sight.*] Is it not delightful and
 “ instructive, to hear the unintelligible jargon of
 “ *presto!—pausto!—maunto!—cockalorum!—yaw!*—
 “ And is it not equally entertaining to the under-
 “ standing, to be thus diverted. [*Taking up a pack*
 “ *of cards.*] Now Jontalmen! now Ledis!—see me
 “ no deceive your oyes, me give any vone ten tow-
 “ sand pound, dat do de same! Tink of de card:
 “ --vone card—tu card—tree card—vour card,
 “ half a dozen card.—You see de card on dis side,

“ and you see de card on dat side.—Blow de blast !
 “ [*changes it imperceptibly*].—De blast is blown ! the
 “ card is flown ! yaw-yaw ! yaw-yaw ! yaw-yaw !—
 “ Me vil do it vonce and more over agen, to see
 “ vether mine vinger deceive your oyes.—Me give
 “ any vone ten tow-sand pound, to do de like.
 “ Draw a card : vone card—tu card—tree card—
 “ half a dozen card—You look at de card on dis
 “ side, and you look on de card on dat side, and
 “ you look on de card on tother side—*Blow de blast !*
 “ [*changes it*] de blast is blown ! de card is flown !
 “ —yaw-yaw ! yaw-yaw ! yaw-yaw !—

“ It would be impertinent in me, to direct how
 “ the world should lay out, or squander away their
 “ money. But as this seems to be the age for en-
 “ couraging *actors* of all denominations, would it
 “ not be proper, to take some notice of those two
 “ companies of *performers*, called British soldiers
 “ and sailors ? And altho’ they are unlucky enough
 “ to be our own countrymen, as they have per-
 “ formed such capital parts all over the globe,
 “ might they not be permitted at least to go share
 “ and share alike in those emoluments, which foreign
 “ hair-dressers,—foreign burletta actors,—and fo-
 “ reign puppet shew people receive, from the
 “ bounty of the English nation.”

THE number, and variety of imported performers, who
 are permitted to infest this free country, cannot but be
 prejudicial to that internal good policy, it is her interest
 ever to maintain. Although the legislature in its wisdom,
 may have pointed out a mode of redress ; still the nuisance
 remains unremoved, if not to the impeachment of
 our laws,—yet, to the dishonour of their guardians.—If
 we confine ourselves to these *Levitical* magicians of the
 black

black art only, we shall find, that the evils they scatter, are highly detrimental to society in general. If it be the least injury, which attends their deluded visitors, to be defrauded of their money, for the golden tidings of that fortune, they never can enjoy but by anticipation,—does it not require the interposition of some authority to destroy that credulity in the uninformed, which is nourished but by the flattering hand-bills of these swarthy astrologers? Their predictions of matrimonial, and other less virtuous connexions, have some influence over the fair part of the creation: So that the secret operations of nature, aided by the sanction of *Doctor Faustus*, have reduced many a father, —and many a husband, to a state, but little to be envied.

THE lecturer confines the generality of his censure to that sect of conjurors, whose merit depends more upon the dexterity of the fingers, than the mystical physiognomy of deep penetration: Tho' not equally obnoxious with the former, the mind suffers equal violence when driven to either, for instruction, or amusement.—He has some good remarks on those trifling deceptions, by which these gentry equip themselves; and endeavours by ridicule to wean mankind from a restless curiosity for such follies, when the understanding can never be diverted but from its complaisance—by a voluntary imposition.—The tricks he shews with the money and the cards, are equal to most of their boasted performances. His imitation of their jargon is humorous, and spoken with the true *Hebrew* accent; and the whole is display'd in a contemptible and ridiculous light.

THE transition to the two companies of performers, called British soldiers and sailors, is only made here by way of prelude to the next representation, of which it is the entire subject.

XI. [*A picture of a lame soldier and sailor, thrown down in the street by a Quack doctor's chairmen.*]

“Here is one of these imported itinerants: and a

“lame soldier and sailor, who were asking alms,
 “thrown down by the insolence of this fellow’s
 “chairmen. Altho’ the sailor lost his arm in the
 “engagement off *Brest*, when Admiral *Hawke* com-
 “manded, and the foldier belonged to one of the
 “gallant six regiments, and left his leg on the plains
 “of *Minden*. This is the equipage with which we
 “too often indulge those, who introduce follies in-
 “to our country,—and this too often the way, we
 “repay its deliverers.”—

ON the exhibition of this *daubing*, to represent distress, we gave a loose to fancy, to form what would succeed it : and concluded, that the next would represent by the assistance of a magic lanthorn, two or three of the injured virtues naked, upon a large white linen sheet.

THE painting as a performance, is the most wretched ever held up for public inspection. The subject, ridiculous in itself, is assisted by the *ingenuity* of the artist. With what *ease* has he placed those wooden apologies for their lost members, over the neck of each fellow sufferer ! And in what a *masterly negligence and confusion*, has he blended hats,—wigs, and handkerchiefs together. Whilst a something is seen sticking out of the window of the sedan, like the head of a midsummer cauliflower, carried by two beings, whose appearance is as unlike that of human nature, as their difference from it is represented by their barbarity. But we will endeavour to level our taste to Mr. Stevens’s standard ; and admit, that this painting owes its beauties to the sensations of that * pencil, who in his fall of *Wolfe*, has done honor to this island.—’Tis granted. And what will he derive from such a confession ?—Is it not an insult on *Language* and *Painting*, to blend both so unnaturally together, as to render both ridiculous ?—’Tis treating an audience rather too cheap, to suppose them deaf to their distinct appeals.—The silent meditation on a tender

* Mr. West.

tender subject *in canvass*, will awaken those soft sensations, which the impertinence of an interpreter cannot but break in upon, and in a great measure destroy.—The *Language* that stands in need of the feeble, and superficial aids of color and drapery, on the subject of humanity, will never reach a single passion, or subdue an infirmity.—

THE goodness of the heart, is however, a sufficient atonement for an error in judgment. We are fully convinced of the lecturer's humanity, and from his abilities we are as certain, that from an error in judgment only that inconsistency arose, which we have censured in this representation.

XII. [*A burlesque exhibition of the Italian FANTOCCHINI, in a case. Motto. The World's a Puppet-show.*] “*Satire* should not be silent on so ridiculous an object as this, and yet 'tis putting reason to the blush to say any thing serious, on so childish an exhibition. But it convinces us the world will see—any thing. Or could an English audience pay large prices, and be diverted, to hear these pigmy puppets converse in broken French, and coarse Italian? Suppose an English company of comedians were to attempt the play of *Cato*—*Cato* to declaim in *Welsh*;—*Juba* and *Marcia* in broad *Yorkshire*,—and the other characters in *St. Giles's dialect*;—the performers would feel heavy marks of the displeasure of the audience. And to encourage this mummery at a time too, when the public may be entertained, and have understanding to relish the writings of a *Shakespeare*, embellished by the execution of a *Garrick*.”——

The severity with which the *Fantoccini* is here treated, can neither be justified by the laws of *Satire*, or common justice. It would have been more prudent, if Mr. Stevens

vens had reserved some of these sentiments here sacrificed, for performances more exceptionable; as a conquest over these *inanimate* pigmies, can yield at most but that honor, which is gathered alike, from "*breaking flies upon the wheel*." But this entertainment has a superior claim to encouragement than any other exhibition of the kind. Were no countenance bestowed on an acknowledged refinement in *mechanics*, what would be the fate of the lecturer's idol-*INVENTION*? To encourage the ingenious artists, who thus administer to the amusement of the town, is consistent with the precepts of sound policy. And tho' we so far fall into his opinion, as to condemn a vague admiration of every thing that is *foreign*, yet we cannot with candor, fall into the whole of his prejudices, and deny to an individual that wreath due unto his merit, because he is a—*foreigner*. Even as a performance, we think it has been too severely censured. The action of these *Lilliputian* players is so scrupulously just, that one might imagine, they had received a kind of animation from a *Garrick*,—rather than that their motions were subservient to the laws of mechanics.—We agree with the satirist, that the language they utter in their dialogues, is neither the purest French, or the softest Italian; yet it seems only liable to those exceptions from which he himself is not exempt: "*for difficult is it for a single speaker, long to retain the attention of his audience; may he could not be conscious of his own inabilities, did he not greatly depend on the humanity of his auditors*."

THESE comments on his uncandid observations, are a debt to injured merit, and as such, we hope will be received by Mr. Stevens: for his burlesque representation is not so void of satire and humour, but that the unwary may imbibe his prejudices, to the detriment of an ingenious *foreigner*.

XII.

* First his modest apology for himself. A9. iv. Exh. 5, who in the course of his lecture (which is very excusable) not only speaks inelegant english, but likewise that english is frequently ungrammatical. He should rather therefore make due allowances;

XIII. " Amongst the number of heads calculated for this evening's entertainment, the head of
 " one of those *exotics* called an *Opera-maker*, or *Bur-*
 " *letta projector*, should have been exhibited ; but
 " not being able to hit upon any droll visage for
 " that purpose, and concluding that no one could
 " be more ridiculous than my own, I will therefore
 " attempt an imitation of one of them, if this as-
 " sembly will be pleased to accept of it. [*Puts on*
 " *an uncommon high tete, for a foretop.*]

" Suppose me for once a *Burletta projector*,
 " Who attempts a mock, musical scrap of a lecture.
 " Suppose this for once a harps'chord or spinnet.
 " We must suppose so, or there's nothing in it.
 " And thus I begin, tho' a stranger to graces ;
 " Those deficiencies must be supplied by grimaces,
 " And the want of wit made up by the making of faces. }

RECITATIVO.

" *Còm cara, còm,—attend affètuofo !*
 " *English* be dumb !—your language is—but *fo fo*

AIR.

" *Còm daughter dear, carissim'anima me--à*
 " Go boil the kettle, make me some green *te---à*
 " *Mobilio' dol'chescio !* Rep.
 " With the tea, cream and sugars, *bonò.*
 " With a little slice, } Rep.
 " Of bread and butter nice, }
 " O ! *bravo* bread, and *buttero !--Bra-vif-fi-fi-mo !* [*Fuge.*]

" With jargon like this, at our judgment's expence,
 " At the idol of *sound*, we sacrifice *sense.*

H

" Avoid

ees ; or according to a favourite metaphor of the Chief Justice of the King's Bench ; *be particularly cautious when he himself has glass windows, never to throw stones.*

“ Avoid for the future these imported elves,
 “ But do justice to ENGLAND, GOOD SENSE and YOUR-
 “ SELVES*.

As if the Operas furnished not sufficient matter for censure, the lecturer is most preposterous in his imitation of one of these burletta composers. 'Tis true these extraordinary beings of the *Neuter* gender, are extravagantly absurd in their head-dress, and grimaces, and give a fine opening for the lash of satire. But when we see Mr. Stevens's head dress, which he thus occasionally puts on ;—the manner of his touching the harpsichord,—and the uncommon faces he makes, we cannot but conclude, that *he out-herod's Herod*.—The apology for offering his own head, instead of a bust, is sufferable; but the want of an instrument, might have been better express'd than by this miserable couplet,

“ Suppose this for once a harps'chord or spinnet,
 “ We must suppose so, or there's nothing in it.

NOTWITHSTANDING we are disgusted at the mode of the imitation in general, the *sing-song* part is happily burlesqu'd as above; which we have taken the liberty to divide into a *Recitative*, and *Air*; and to mark it with the *Repeats*, &c. which we find given to it in the representation.

* These lines were spoken the first and second night of the lecture; but have since been discontinued, tho' for what reason we know not, as they are very applicable to the subject.

END of A C T II.

A C T

A C T III.

I. “ **I**N spite of all the prints,—sneers—and paragraphs, which have been published to render the modern head dresses of our fine women ridiculous, surely, when fancy prompts a fine woman to lead the fashion, how dare any man be so *Hottentotish* as not to admire it? Is there not something magnificent in this appearance? [*Exhibiting the head of a Lady dressed in high Taste.*]—“ Can our sex boast such grandeur belonging to theirs?—No.

H A T S.

II. “ These are our Lilliputian ornaments!—“ This is a thing between a bonnet and a postillion’s cap; not a hat, but a *batling*. One would imagine, that our understanding was too weak to bear any weight upon it. The fashion makers in this, are like provident farmers, who prudently put but a small quantity of thatch upon a hovel, in which they mean not to house much grain.—“ Here is another!—[*with five or six rows of silver cording.*] The owner of this, one might reasonably conclude, had plundered his sister’s knotting bag. These packthread bandages, look like white ruled lines upon black paper; which title page seems to denote, that all reading within was obliterated.—And this [*a hat with a broad gold band*] with a bandage preposterously broad, reminds us, that the wearer has fractured his skull,

H 2

“ and

“ and that this piece of metal was put here to defend the weak part.— Or perhaps it was put there for the same reason, that a cooper fixes a broad hoop upon a leaky vessel.—But here is another sort of a thing !—[*a court hat.*] This is not designed for the head, but the hand. Abroad, they wear it under the arm as a substitute for a hat ; at home it is made a mere play-house property, to squeeze, or pinch, as action or elocution may require.—*Nature* has nothing to do with such manœuvres. For when we see an actor tossing it about,

“ *In all the pomp and rage of madness !*

“ —He looks like a passionate pastry cook, tearing a lump of dough to pieces. — This is a *Nivernee*, or a *Nivernois*, or a *Fantail*. [*which he puts on*] How contemptible is this appearance ! Does it not look like a gilded insect upon a pumpkin ?—The French had a right to curtail their hats,—because we curtailed them of the Fur trade ; but what business have we with such littlenesses. This hat is of *English* manufacture, and once had a brim : but it has undergone so many alterations of clipping,—trimming,—and pairing, to keep pace with the fashion, ’till it is clipped—trimmed,—and paired away to the contemptible figure we see it in : Thus every Briton, who suffers himself to be trimmed by French fashions—is but an Englishman cut down.—

THE present mode of dress for the ladies heads, is here exhibited, and its *magnificence* ironically admired, in order to lead to a transition, that might more expose *man’s* absurdity, in the contemptible fashion of his ornaments for the head. The remarks on this perpetual fluctuation of taste, which now scarcely allows a meer covering for the

the head, are pertinent and witty.—The first exhibited is one of those paltry bonnets, ushered into fashion by the *macaronies* under the name of a *Thanet*. It was fabricated, we suppose, in order to level all distinctions on horseback; the reflection that is made on their folly in the simile of *the provident farmers*, is masterly. But those which accompany the foolish changes, from narrow to broad bands, are low and feeble.—The fashion of *Court hats* is next censured, and with some degree of justice. But since custom has so far given a sanction to these *substitutes*, and a man on that account, cannot appear in full dress without one of them, we think he has carried his observations rather too far. He has been guilty of a trifling mistake, when he says “*that abroad (or out of doors) they are worn under the arm as a substitute for a hat,*” for I believe it rather uncommon to see one of them but in a drawing-room, or some genteel public assembly.—Nor can we find it inconsistent with the laws of *nature*, as he declares, that such hats should be made use of upon the stage; although a frantic and improper use of them may be so. For since characters in genteel life, make them a part of their dress, those characters cannot be naturally represented, without a strict conformity to all the *minutiæ* of dress.—The *Nivernois*, contemptible in every point of view, whether we consider its shape,—size,—or the origin of its fashion, is properly exhibited. The folly of our imitation of them is happily exposed, by ascribing the cause of the French curtailing their hats, to our conquests in America; who therefore, were obliged to make a virtue of necessity.—After enumerating the various clippings, trimmings, and cuttings the *Nivernois* had underwent, the subject is dismissed with this just, and sentimental simile, “Thus every Briton, who suffers himself to be trimmed by French fashions, is but an Englishman—cut down.”

III. “THIS is a real antique; the morning head-dress of CLEOPATRA, that celebrated *demi-rep* of antiquity. And as this was the taste in which the ladies of those days dressed their heads in a morning, so here is the way our modern fine ladies

“ ladies dress their heads in a morning. [*The busts of two ladies with queen's night caps over their eyes.*] “ These two are called the *Blinkers*: and here are “ the *Winkers*: [*producing another, with an enormous wire cap*] But as even the foibles of the ladies should be treated with the utmost delicacy, “ all that can be said is, that these are the emblems “ of the *three graces*, who thus hoodwinked, have a “ mind to play a game at *Blindman's buff*.”

EVEN in the days of *Cleopatra*, the mode of dress was fluctuating, yet in its various transitions, some boundaries were affixed to it, if but for the appearance of consistency. The women entertained a different opinion of man's understanding, and their own merit, than to suppose a tawdry cap would engage his affections, sooner than a contemplation of a lovely countenance, on which was stamped the divine impression.—Such, however, is the opinion of our fair: who in their morning head dresses, seem to quarrel with day, and receive his glorious favor of light contemptuously, suffering its rays to approach their sight but obliquely, thro' the fashionable medium of ribbons, and blond lace.

THE lecturer imagined, that a bare exhibition of these heads would work a reformation; and therefore has been sparing of his strictures on this subject. The contrast between the antient and modern fashion, is aptly remarked; And the modest turn he gives at the conclusion to the preposterous *night caps*, made use of by the present fine ladies, is a further continuation of that delicacy, with which he ever treats the foibles of the fair.

IV. “ From this antique hood of *Cleopatra*, “ many of our ladies head dresses are taken.—This “ is a hood in high taste at *the upper end of the town*, “ —and this a hood in high taste, at *the lower end of the town*.—Not more different are these ladies in “ point of dress, than in their mode of conversation.

" It being thought polite with this fine lady, in-
 " stead of saying *may not*, to say *meent*—for you
 " *shall not*—*u-seent*—and for *I cannot*—*I ceent*.——
 " This clipping of words would be very detrimen-
 " tal to the current coin of conversation, if these
 " other good dames did not make ample amends,
 " by adding supernumerary syllables; where they
 " talk of their *breakfasts-es*, and *toast-es*, and run-
 " ning their heads against *post-es*, to avoid the
 " wild *beast-es*. However indelicate it may sound
 " to more civilized ears, these female orators,
 " brought up at the bar of *Billingsgate*, speak con-
 " formable to the rules of antient oratory.—— The
 " difference of oratory consists in saying something,
 " or nothing to the purpose. Some people talk
 " without saying any thing at all. Some people
 " don't care what they say:—Some married men
 " would be glad to have nothing to say to their
 " wives!—and some husbands, would be *as glad*,
 " if their wives had nothing at all to say to
 " them!——

AMONG the variety of morning head dresses, surely that
 of the hood is most consistent, and becoming. And we
 are at a loss to account for that contempt, with which it
 is treated by the ladies, unless it is, because it generously
 displays those features, which *Nature* formed for man's
 admiration,—and veils a small part of those beauties, which
modesty had consented with her, *generally* to conceal.——

THE difference of the hoods at the *upper* and *lower*
 ends of the town, is drolly represented, by the bust of an
 oyster woman, whose face is ornamented with a black eye,
 and her hair adorned with a fragment of dirty linen, coiled
 round her head *hood fashion*.

THEIR *provinciality* of dialect, is next considered with
 abundant drollery. The *affelation* of each in their re-
 spective

spective departments, is displayed, by specimens of their conversation; and the contrast by the humor of the lecturer, made truly laughable.—We are informed, that these *Billinggate* orators speak agreeable to the rules of antient oratory. So much for ill timed *Irony*!—The difference of oratory, adds Mr. Stevens, consists in saying something or nothing to the purpose. He then makes four absurd observations on the mode of conversation, by way of conclusion: the first of which we may here apply to him, with the strictest candor

“ *Some people talk without saying any thing.*”

“ But as to *antient* Oratory.

V. “ Here are two busts of the antient laughing and crying philosophers, or orators of their time. They are the heads of those two powerful factions in their days, called the *Groaners*, and the *Grinners*.—This *Don Dismal*, was always crying for fear the world should not last his life time.—And this, a *Choice Spirit*! who did not care whether it did or no.—This head is a representation, of that discontented part of mankind, who are always railing at the world, and the things of the world.—And this, the emblem of a good natured fellow, who made the best of every thing:—One day *Don Dismal* accosted him with,

“ *D. D.* Brother! brother! what will this world come to? *what, &c.*

“ *C. S.* Why the same place it set out from, this day twelvemonth.—

“ *D. D.* This is a very wicked world!—a very wicked world!

“ *C. S.* Did you ever see half of it?—

“ *D. D.* What are the people all about?

“ *C. S.* If you don't know, why should you find fault with it?

“ *D. D.*

- " D. D. Oh! these times can never hold long!
 " C. S. Do they owe you any thing?
 " D. D. When will the nation's debt be paid?
 " C. S. Will you pass your word for it?
 " D. D. It's all over with us!—I say it's all over
 " with us!
 " C. S. Why then there'll be no underhand
 " dealings.—
 " D. D. Oh! these are very slippery times!
 " C. S. They are always so in frosty weather.—
 " D. D. What will become of our country?—
 " What will, &c.
 " C. S. Is any body going to run away with it?—
 " D. D. What's become of our liberty? where
 " shall we find liberty?
 " C. S. Why in the dictionary.—
 " D. D. I can't bear to see such times.
 " C. S. Shut your eyes then.—

EVEN the *ironical* manner in which this subject is treated, is no apology for that profusion of nonsense, which overruns this whole exhibition.—The prelude to the dialogue might, from the lenity of an English audience, have passed off without censure. But it was too presumptive and hazardous, to play with their patience so far, as to repeat the dialogue itself.—What an insult to the understanding, to hear the lecturer with his *Groaner* and *Grinner* in each hand, attempt an imitation of their different turns of conversation, and embellish such a *tête à tête*, by giving various attitudes to the heads, in order to make the representation more *natural*.—The *Fantoccini*!—by all the laws of nature, they look down upon him for such an absurdity! And as their ingenious maker, hath not yet endued them with a power of expressing the feelings of pity for him, by what we term blushing, I am sure Mr. *Carlo Perrico* will readily blush for them.—Even Mr. *Pierrot's Punch*, and his humorous family must leave the lecture at the Haymarket dissatisfied, when they see their own cast of

characters, and their own walk invaded, by so pitiful an imitation.—

VI. “THERE is an odium, with which *Satire* has dared to charge the English ladies: ’tis that of plaistering on white-wash, and rubbing *rouge* upon their cheeks.—*Women of the town* may be permitted thus to transform themselves; because the dexterity of their profession, like that of a pirate, consists in engaging under *false colours*.—But for the delicate, and unculpable part of the sex, thus to *vermillion* themselves, looks as if they would fish for lovers, as men do for mackarel, by hanging something *red* upon the hook. And when we see a lady give herself a *carmine complexion*, we must conclude, that she imagines men of the *bull*, or *turkey-cock* kind, who fly at any thing that is scarlet!—

“HERE is an artificial, evening, candlelight face, of white and red. [*exhibiting the head of a lady*] —And here the same face [*producing another bust*] before the necessary repairs of paint, and washes are put on!—Who would for the sake of appearing thus at night—be certain of ever looking like this the next day!—

“SHOULD any lady be offended at my presumption, in the liberty here taken, as an atonement for that part of my conduct, which may appear culpable, I beg leave to offer a *nostrum* to defend beauty from every attack, and preserve it in perpetual bloom. And I dare affirm, it will be of more real service towards making the ladies look lovely, than all the *washes*, *lip-salves*, and *pomas*

“ *tums* in the universe. Let them but wear this
 “ noble *order* [*holding up a garter*] GOOD TEMPER
 “ they will never be angry ----- *with*
 “ *me*. This is the grand secret of attraction; the
 “ girdle, which *Juno* borrowed of *Venus*, in order
 “ to make herself appear amiable in the eyes of
 “ *Jupiter*: and is what I humbly recommend to all
 “ married people of every denomination. And I
 “ appeal to all, wife or husband—husband or wife,
 “ whether they do not ardently wish that each other
 “ would put it on. But here is the mistake! The
 “ husband *begs* the wife would wear it;—and the
 “ wife *insists* upon the husband’s putting it on, so
 “ that in the midst of the contention, the *girdle*
 “ drops down between them, and neither will con-
 “ descend to stoop first and take it up.”——

THE numberless charms, daily sacrificed to an odious
 fashion, are a fatal demonstration of that false taste,
 which misguides our fair countrywomen. The wisdom
 of our legislature has provided a brand of infamy for the
 memory of a wretch, however contemptible in himself,
 who should presume to put an end to that existence, he
 could not be the least instrumental in procuring. Why
 not a similar interposition at least, where the effects of a
 vice, though more slow, are much more destructive to the
 welfare of society?——It must not be thought chimerical
 when we aver, that there is a more deliberate baseness in
 the application of those corrosive poisons of paints, and
 washes, than in the momentary madness of plunging in-
 to a river, or in a *suicide*, that owes its frantic execution,
 to the instantaneous discharge of a pistol. Does not then
 the memory of these fair perpetrators of such outrages on
 nature, demand some odium, especially when we reflect,
 that in thus torturing away their little lives *by inches*, they
 give additional anguish to their admirers and protectors?
 —But denying them the customary mode of burial would
 be inflicting a punishment upon ourselves. For even the

present reflection of mingling our ashes together with those we love, when we have run our appointed course, affords a pleasing anticipation.

If we consider the subject in a less extensive point of view, and allow this fashion to be but the fell despoiler of beauty, even then our patience would hardly submit to a discussion. For we are not only tortured at seeing the dictates of *Nature* and *Innocence* so openly put to defiance, but the ladies offer likewise a violence to our understanding—in *modestly* expecting our approbation of their conduct.

A modern * *Poet*, who would have done honor to the days of THOMSON, has made some uncommonly beautiful remarks on the genuine charms of nature, in the disposition of a pleasure garden. One of which will do credit to the subject we are upon, and appear equally forcible in a *general* application.

“ Great nature scorns control ; she will not bear
 “ One beauty foreign to the spot, or soil
 “ She gives thee to adorn : 'Tis thine alone
 “ To *mend*—not *change* her features.”——

——The lecturer in many particulars, has treated the folly of *rouge* painting, &c. with as much justice, and severity, as his situation would possibly admit of. The comparison of this manœuvre amongst the frail part of the sex, to the mode of engaging with the pirates, is a genuine stroke of wit. But we wish he had not pushed his simile further. The fates surely combine against him ! for we find it his misfortune, after having said a good thing, cruelly to murder it by another observation as absurd.—Can any man of the slowest understanding hear the following remark made by Mr. Stevens before a respectable house, without feeling for him ?—The remotest stranger that could, must be void of humanity !——

“ WHEN

* Mr. Mason.

“ WHEN we see a lady give herself a *carmine complexion*, we must conclude, that she imagines men of the *bull*, or *turkey-cock kind*, who fly at any thing that is *scarlet*.”

CAN there be such another contradiction in terms?—We stood not in need of this oratory to inform us, that a scarlet color excites the *indignation* of the *bull* and *turkey-cock*: It is a secret instinct peculiarly implanted in these two *characters* of their kind.—Mr. Stevens is not so little acquainted with the town, but to know, that the vanity of woman invented this *false coloring*, to engage our *affections*, not provoke our *resentment*. If therefore he would make the ladies imagine any thing, let it be this: that our taste is so ridiculous, and our sagacity so limited, that we are weak enough to admire a gaudy absurdity, for which the brute and feather'd creation, have shewn a just contempt.

THE exhibition of the *made-up* evening face, and the same face the next morning before its repairs are laid on, is poignant; and the reflection that follows a just one.—The transition to *Good temper*, and the modest apologetical request of the application of it towards him, is pretty and diverting.—His institution of this *order* is humorous, and the remarks that are made on matrimonial discords, are rational and entertaining.

VII. “ IT may seem strange to persons unused to such *charicatures* as these, [*exhibiting an enormous high head-dress*] how the ladies can move under such head-coverings. But what will not an English beauty do for the good of her country! And it's all for the good of their country, that they labor under these appearances. For while some people smuggle wool over to France to the detriment of our trade, the ladies keep as much of it at home as they can, and so encourage
“ the

“ the woollen manufactory. [*takes a large quantity of wool from behind the bair*]—But as all fashions descend to our inferiors, her maid who did not chuse to be behind-hand in the taste, purchased an old *tete* of a puppet-shew woman, and being at a loss for wool, made use of this new-fashion stuffing. [*her head produced with a whisp of hay on the back part.*] But unfortunately she was called down one morning from her garret toilet by a ring of the bell, to take a letter from the post-boy: Forgetting that her head was but half-dressed, and turning to go into the door, the postboy’s horse being hungry, laid hold of the stuffing, and eat it up by way of forage.—Never may the fair sex meet with a worse misfortune, but always hereafter preserve their heads in good order!—AMEN.”

ALTHOUGH from the number of ladies head-dresses exhibited, the subject begins to grow somewhat irksome; the novel manner in which these two are displayed, cannot but render it diverting. The ironical encomium that is paid on their attention to the good of their country, and the encouragement of the woollen manufactory, is sarcastical and witty.—The universal vanity in the fair sex is whimsically marked, by that mode of dress in the maid servant, which is an humble copy of that of her mistress.—The satire on these females of the *Abigail* rank is well suited, and the ridicule on their imitations, justly pointed.—As this is the last censure he passes on the ladies head-dresses, so has it more merit, than that thrown on many; and the subject is dismissed with an ejaculation for their heads ever to be preserved in good order.

VIII. “ WERE ladies once to see themselves in an ill-temper, they would never chuse to appear in such a character again. Here is a *Medallion* “ [*exhibiting*

“ [exhibiting a portrait] of a lady in her natural
 “ sweetness of disposition.—And here [turning the
 “ canvas] is the same lady - - - - - a little discom-
 “ posed. The cause of this transition we may sup-
 “ pose to be a disappointment of a new habit on
 “ a masquerade night :—loosing a *sans prendre* :—
 “ her lap-dog's foot being trod upon :—or because
 “ her husband had contradicted her.—The other
 “ face is an emblem of what I hope many a one
 “ enjoys in reality.—And may *this* never more be
 “ known, but as a picture taken out of *Æsop's* fa-
 “ bles.” —

THE various transitions of temper, which frequently agitate the female mind, offer a suitable subject for well-timed raillery. Considering, that the lecturer is obliged to play with our imperfections, so as to keep pace with his own pecuniary interest, he has not, in the representation before us, been very parsimonious of his censure. Altho' some of the absurdities of the fair would justify a stretch of the Satirist's prerogative, yet when he too tenderly considers the delicacy of their sex, and his own - - - advantage, he sometimes gives into a blameable lenity.—

THE paintings are not bad ; and being here left, as in justice they ought, to speak for themselves, they have consequently more effect on the spectators, than all the oratory he could have spouted off to explain them.—The imaginary causes of the transition represented, are natural, and not improperly recited : And the exhibition finishes with a turn greatly to his credit.—

IX. “ It is very odd, that there should be such
 “ a plentiful harvest of *Courtship* before marriage,
 “ —and generally such a famine afterwards.—
 “ *Courtship* is a fine bowling-green road, all gal-
 “ lopping ground ;—and *Sweethearting* a sunshine
 “ holiday

“ holiday in summer time ; but when once through
 “ *Matrimony's* turnpike, the weather becomes win-
 “ *tery*.——*Courtship* is *Matrimony's* running foot-
 “ man ; but seldom stays to see the stocking
 “ thrown ;—— and what is worse, generally carries
 “ away with it these two grand pretervatives of ma-
 “ trimonial happiness [*on a blue garter*] DELICACY,
 “ and GRATITUDE.——

“ THE HUSBAND is often seized with a cold
 “ aguish disorder, to which the faculty give this
 “ name [*on a garter*] INDIFFERENCE.—And there
 “ is a disaster fatal to the *honey-moon*, which *the*
 “ ladies are sometimes seized with, and what the
 “ college of physicians term [*on a garter*] THE
 “ SULLENS.—This distemper arises from some
 “ ill-conditioned speech, with which the lady thinks
 “ she has been hurt. So leaning her elbow upon
 “ the table ;—her cheek upon the palm of that
 “ hand ;—her eyes earnestly fixed upon the fire :
 “ whilst her feet are beating *tattoo* time !—— —
 “ The husband in the mean time biting his lips !—
 “ pulling down his ruffles ! and looking at his wife
 “ like the *Devil* —— —— at last he abruptly de-
 “ mands of her,

“ H. What is the matter with you, Ma—dam ?

“ To which she mildly replies——

“ W. —— ——— N——n——othing.

“ H. What is it you mean Ma—dam ?

“ W. —— ——— N——n——n——othing.

“ H. What have I done to you Ma—dam ?

“ W. —— ——— N——no——n——othing.

“ H. What

"H. What would you make of *me* Ma—dam?

"W. ——— N—no——n—othing.

"AND this quarrel first arose as they sat at breakfast, on the lady's very innocently observing, that the tea was made of the *Thames* water. The husband piqued to think that the dignity of his taste was called in question, in not being able to make the discovery first, answered — Bugh! — he was sure—the tea-kettle was fill'd out of the *New River*."

X. "FROM a scene of matrimonial tumult, behold one of matrimonial tranquillity! [*exhibiting a painting of the gentleman stretching across two chairs,—the lady three parts asleep upon a sofa*]—This is a matrimonial *vis à vis*, or an after-dinner, wedlock *tête à tête*. The husband's in a yawning state of dissipation,—the lady in the same drowsy attitude, called a—*nothing-to-doishness*.—If an unexpected visitor by accident breaks in upon their solitude, the lady in her apology to the gentleman, gets up, and shaking her cloaths—tells him—she is monstrously chagrined to be caught in such a *disfhabille* — but that she had only *buddled* on her things,—as there was nobody at home—but *her husband*!—The gentleman stretching himself—takes his friend by the hand; —God *Jack* I am very glad to see you. — I was almost asleep when you came in, for there was only me—and *my wife*, and faith—*harr!*—I did not know what to do with myself."

To what infirmity shall we attribute that change of sentiments after marriage, which too often succeeds those mutual protestations of love and sincerity, repeated before? Shall we lay it to the corruption of our nature,—our propensity to folly,—or to a decree of that power, who suffers but few to partake of the blessings of a state, which might otherwise in some measure, rival him in our affections. To minds not totally depraved, that sacred state will not admit of a medium. An unshaken union of souls, and sentiments, must render it's bliss extatic :—But when that union is impaired by any circumstance, or accident, a reverse appears, dreadful in it's consequences. The laws of nature instantaneously divorce a pair, where restraint supercedes affection : But the laws of society, which prudently overlook individuals for the general good, release with great circumspection those from imaginary torture, who bound themselves one by the most solemn compact.——

IN these two last representations, which conclude the **THIRD ACT**, are contained many pertinent remarks on this subject. The idea of *Courtship* being *Matrimony's* running footman,—not staying to see the stocking thrown, but carrying away with it those grand essentials of matrimonial felicity, *Delicacy*, and *Gratitude*, is worthy admiration.—The disorders incident to that state, and which soon make their appearance, (*viz. Indifference* in the husband, and *the Sullens* in the wife) are humorously observed.—The lecturer with great spirit and propriety treats us with a matrimonial *jar*. The two characters he represents are striking ; the dialogue natural, and the cause assigned for the quarrel, a severe satire on such ridiculous feuds.

THE matrimonial *vis à vis*, which succeeds it, is represented in a tolerable painting, and being well-timed, gives great satisfaction.—The observations he makes upon it, holding it in his hand, are strong, and as they do not break in upon the design of the painter, are agreeable. He introduces a visitor to intrude upon their solitude with

a good grace: It furnishes him with a fair opportunity of exposing that secret contempt, with which most fashionable husbands and wives treat each other after marriage, in that inattention to dress and neatness, which is the first general, and fatal attack on their respective felicity.

END of A C T III.

A C T IV.

I. " **I**N this fourth part of the lecture, our **Laws** will be considered; because they are considerable both in bulk and number, as the statutes declare:

" *Considerandi,—considerando,—considerandum,*

" They are not to be meddled with, by those who don't understand 'em.

" *The Law* always expresses itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding *moods*, *cases*, or *genders*; except indeed when a woman is accidentally slain, and then the verdict is brought in—*man* slaughter.

" *Law* is divided into three parts; the *Essence*, *Quintessence*, and—*Consequence*.

“ THE *Effence* of the law is altercation. Because
 “ the law can *altercate*,---*stimulate*,---*deprecate*,---
 “ *fulminate*,---and go on at any rate.

“ THE *Quintessence* has five parts agreeable to its
 “ name:

- “ 1st. The beginning, or—*Incipiendum*.
- “ 2d. The uncertainty, or—*Dubitendum*.
- “ 3d. The delay, or—*Puzzelendum*.
- “ 4th. Replications ——— Without *endum*. And
- “ 5thly. ——— ——— ——— *Monstrum et horrendum!*

“ All which will be exemplified in the case of *Daniel*
 “ against *Disbclout*. ——— The proceedings whereof
 “ we have carefully preserved. ——— The council who
 “ opened the cause, was Mr. *Expletive*; who rising
 “ up, addressed himself to the court as follows.
 “ ——— My *Lard* ——— may it please your *Lard-*
 “ *ship*; and you gentlemen of the jury. ———

“ To avoid prolixity,—verbosity,—and pom-
 “ posity, I take the liberty to declare, and declare
 “ that I take the liberty, to acquaint you ——— that
 “ I am council in this case for the *plaintiff*. ——— We
 “ shall therefore endeavour briefly, to shew to your
 “ *Lardship* and you gentlemen of the jury, what
 “ damages we have sustained, hereupon,—there-
 “ upon,—and whereupon: clearly,—concisely,—
 “ and candidly, with perspicuity—and ingenuity,
 “ void of all ambiguity. ——— My client *Daniel*, my
 “ *Lard*, was footman in the same house, where *de-*
 “ *fendant Disbclout* was cook-maid. He was in li-
 “ quor my *Lard*; that is, the liquor was in him:
 “ which

" which having served an *ejectment* upon his under-
 " standing, common sense was *non-suited*; or as Dr.
 " *Bibibus* expresses it in his dissertation on bump-
 " ers, he was *homo duplicans* or a double man; not
 " only because he sees things double, but my Lord,
 " because he was not as he should be *profecto, ipse*
 " HE,—but he was as he should not be, *defecto, ipse*,
 " HE.

" THE next council on the same side observed,
 " —My Lord! bugh!—my Lord! I am coun-
 " cil on the same side for the plaintiff *Daniel*, who
 " supposing that he had a right to the *fee simple* of
 " the *dripping-pan*, took a sop out of it with his
 " right hand, which defendant *Disheclout* replevy'd
 " with her left; and thereupon forcibly *push'd*,—
 " *knock'd*,—*tumbled*,—and *tripp'd us* up into the
 " dripping-pan.——Now in the 149th folio vo-
 " lume of the *abridgement* of the Statutes, *Brough-*
 " *ton's reports*, *Slack* versus *Smallwood*, 'tis adjudged,
 " that *primus strokus, sine jocus, absolutus est provo-*
 " *cus*.——Now my Lord, who was the *primus*
 " *strokus*?—Who gave the first offence?—Who
 " brought the dripping-pan?—Why the cook!
 " —For tho' we do allow,—that if we had not
 " been *there*, we could not have been thrown down
 " *there*,—yet if the dripping-pan had not been
 " *put there*, we could not have been thrown into the
 " dripping-pan.

" THE council on the other side rising up slowly,
 " —smelling at his nosegay gracefully,—and tossing
 " the tail of his wig emphatically,—began thus.

" My

" My *Lud!*—hem—my *Lud!*—I shall not
 " my *Lud!* flourish away in words.—Some per-
 " sons may think it an *embellishment*; but I think it
 " an *astonishment*, how any one can be so *impertinent*,
 " to the *detriment*, of all manner of *rudiment*.—
 " Now my *Lud!* I move your *Ludship* for a new
 " trial: because it is specified in the plaintiff's de-
 " claration, that the *kitchen* is the cook's premises.
 " Now my *Lud!* the kitchen I humbly presume is
 " nobody's premises; it is neither a wash-house,
 " nor a store-house, a brew-house or a bake-house.
 " It is like *Noah's ark*, a receptacle for all kinds of
 " animals. Or as it is otherwise more elegantly
 " expressed, it is—*Camera necessaria, in usu cook-*
 " *aria*;—*cum saucepannis*,—*stewpannis*,—*skullero*,—
 " *dressero*,—*coal hole*,—*et stovo*,—*smoak jacko*; *pro*
 " *dresso turtle soup*,—*calve's head-asfibus*,—*callipée et*
 " *callipassibibus*:—And where my *Lud!* my client
 " the *defendant* was employed in dressing dinner, or
 " dinner dressing; or as the law more classically
 " expresses it, she was *roastandum*,—*boilandum*,—
 " *fryandum*,—*fricasseéandum*,—*et plumbpudding-*
 " *andum magnum mixandum*.—Accordingly a
 " new trial was granted. The *law* being our *liber-*
 " *ty*: and it is very happy for us, that we have the
 " liberty of going to *law*."

A MAN unaccustomed to the chicanery of our courts
 of justice, would weakly conclude, that all statutes in-
 tentionally compiled for the public good, should in reason
 want no other explanation, than what the patriotic vir-
 tue of the legislature had given them.—With such ideas
 of justice were the Roman senate impressed; whose state
 owed all it's virtue and magnificence to that ingenuous
 independency, which adorned it's senators, and it's ma-
 gistrates.—The new code of laws, drawn up for the
 Russian

Russian territories, is meant as a plain, and upright standard for those people to frame their conduct by. It would long before this have received the royal, and popular assent, but that a delay was thought necessary. The *Czarina* wisely determined not to execute a deed of such sovereign importance to herself, her successors, and her subjects, without the most mature council and deliberation. It has been her watchful concern, to expunge every passage, that might encourage sophistry, and correct every statute, on which but the shadow of doubt could linger: to prevent the horrid effects of multiform opinions, and baneful contentions. This preface bids fair to raise her high in the annals of Europe.

FROM the trifling knowledge we have of our laws, we can venture to affirm, that the system was in itself the most pure, that ever honor'd human institution. However that system did not long remain inviolated; since from the reign of JOHN, errors have multiplied apace. Those who have been invested with the executive power of the laws, instead of adhering to their spirit, have successively employed themselves in making innovations, till the whole seems perverted.—The point in dispute amongst the *literati* of that profession, is not *now*, who shall elucidate the statutes, but who shall render them more intricate, and perplexing.—Is it not an impeachment of the understanding, and affection of a parent, to suffer thro' inattention the features of his offspring to be so transformed, as not to be able to confess it for it's own?—The British parliament have furnished us with many similar instances. Upon an appeal to them from the Court of King's Bench, &c. decrees have been wantonly confirmed, or reversed, not considering it was done in open violation to those very statutes, they had during that sessions, themselves provided.—It seems never to have been the intention of our ancestors, that the interest of the *professors*, should supersede that of the public. However now the cause is mistaken for the effect.

MR. STEVENS's satire on this subject is as poignant and just as his situation would allow.—The barbarism,—ra-
pine,

pine, and injustice, are sarcastically remarked. The personifications of the late Chancellor *Y.*—Sir *F. N.*—Mr. *D.*—and Mr. *W.* are striking and humorous; and the whole exhibition is supported with that portion of wit and vivacity, as to furnish a very pleasing entertainment.——

II. “ HERE is the Law’s *consequence!* the *fine qua non* of the Law, or the consequence the law borrows from this covering. [*producing a counselor’s wig.*]——And this leads me to the origin of “adorning the head.——

“ HERE is the head of ALEXANDER [*adorned with a laurel wreath*] commonly called *Alexander the Great*, from the number his ambition had slaughtered. He was a great *hero*,—warrior, —and *man killer* formerly.——And this is the head of a CHEROKEE CHIEF [*ornamented with the feathers of birds, &c.*] called *Schechem Ben Swamp-am Scalpo, Tomobawko*. He was a great *hero*,—warrior,—and *man killer* lately.——And here is the head of a *Quack-doctor*, as great a *man killer* as either of the former!——

“ THIS man with the help of affidavits never sworn to,—of cures never performed, parades it through the streets a common pestilence, by the voluntary contributions of sextons,—gravediggers,—and undertakers: because sextons, gravediggers, and undertakers, look upon *Quack-doctors* as their greatest benefactors.”

It would perhaps appear presumptive to assert, that this exhibition is unentertaining and devoid of merit; since under that veil of mystery, which seems to cover the principal part of it, there may lie concealed some matterly
strokes,

strokes, discernable but by the *favoured few*.—The heads of *Alexander* and the *Cherokee chief* could not thus awkwardly have been forced upon us, but to introduce those other destroyers of the human race, called—*Quack-doctors*.—The remarks on these latter pests to society, are too insignificant and trifling, even to excite a smile. *Satire* the most severe, can have but little effect on minds so totally depraved, who can submit to owe the supplies of existence, to that destruction they deal around them. And it requires a more than common share of abilities, to place these wretches in so unfavorable a point of view to their infatuated encouragers, to counteract by ridicule, the prejudices they instil, by the tinsel of external appearances. Since therefore the lecturer has thrown no new light upon the subject in this feeble attack, but rather treated it with a wanton negligence, it would have been to his credit to have left it to the consideration of those, whose peculiar province it is to protect society from the malignity of an assassin, who cruelly deprives those of existence, who fly to him for preservation, and relief.—

III. “BUT *Quackery* is not confined to *Physic*;
 “here is a *Quack* in *Knowledge*! [*producing the bust*
 “*of a politician*]—This significant look is called
 “the wise man’s wink, and denotes, that he can see
 “the world—with *half an eye*. He was a man
 “of such exquisite penetration, that he always
 “could perceive how things were to be—after
 “they had happened. He knows every secret mo-
 “tion of the cabinet.—I saw how things were
 “going all along (says he) they could not deceive
 “me: As I told my Lord Duke: says I my Lord
 “Duke! tho’ you may deceive other people, you
 “must give me leave to know something of the
 “matter. For I can perceive my Lord! that if
 “the ministry take the lead,—*they will not be behind*
 “*hand*.—

L

“AND

“AND this gentleman likewise found out a scheme
 “for paying off the national debt;—and I may ven-
 “ture to affirm, the only one that ever can be
 “thought of to ease this country of that burden—
 “I have a scheme my Lord Duke for paying off
 “the national debt, without burdening the subject
 “with fresh taxes.—It is this my Lord!—I would
 “bottle up the *Thames* water, and sell it for *Spaw*
 “water.—Who would buy it you’ll say?—I was
 “aware of that: I’ll tell you who’ll buy it: The
 “*Watermen’s company* must buy it, or they can ne-
 “ver work their boats. There’s a scheme for
 “you!”——

THE violent opposition to the measures of every suc-
 cessive ministry, since the retirement of the Earl of Bute,
 has distinguished the several leaders of it with the title of
Patriots; and given birth to a variety of *politicians*, who
 either vehemently condemn, or espouse the mode of ad-
 ministration, according to their respective prejudices. The
 primary, and only essential qualifications to complete a
 modern *Partisan*, are vanity and ignorance. And from
 an invariable union of these, arises that hive of stingless
 drones, who buz about each coffee-house and tavern.

THE lecturer’s remarks on them are pertinent;—the
 subject is not visionary but natural:—the imitation is well
 supported;—and the ridicule justly pointed!——

IV. “Difficult is it for any single speaker long
 “to retain the attention of his audience; nay he
 “could not, conscious of this difficulty, did he not
 “greatly depend on the humanity of his hearers.—
 “That he may not be suspected of flattery in this
 “address, he begs leave to present the head of
 “FLATTERY [*half white, half black.*] She was be-
 “got upon *Poverty* by *Wit*: which is the reason
 “why

" why your *poor Wits* are the greatest flatterers.—
 " The antients had what they called their white or
 " lucky days : to the fortunate she turned her white
 " or silver side, to the unfortunate she was ever in
 " *eclipse*.—Upon the appearance of *calamity*,—*flat-*
 " *tery* changes into *reproach*. [*By a sudden iofs the*
 " *mask falls back, and exhibits the head of Reproach.*]
 " How easy the transition from *flattery* to *reproach* !
 " As every head here exhibited, is intended to con-
 " vey some moral, the moral of this is, that it is
 " a reproach to our understanding to suffer flattery.
 " Yet so pleasing is her incense, to some people,
 " that they continue to accept it, tho' they despise
 " the hand that offers it ; not considering that *the*
 " *receiver is as bad the Thief.*

" This head was the cause of the first duel that
 " ever was fought. It belonged to a statue, which
 " was placed on a pyramid in the middle of an
 " highway where four roads met. Two knight er-
 " rants, the one from the north, the other from
 " the south, arrived at the pyramid at the same
 " instant. The knight who saw but the white side,
 " cried out it was a shame to trust a silver head on
 " the highway-side. —A silver head !—replied the
 " other, who saw but the black profile, why it is a
 " black one ! Flat contradiction produced fatal de-
 " monstration. Their swords flew out, and they
 " cut and mangled each other in an unmerciful
 " manner, till fainting with the loss of blood, they
 " both fell down on the opposite side ; when look-
 " ing up they beheld their mistake. A venerable
 " hermit bound up their wounds, replaced them
 " on horseback, and dismissed them with this piece
 " of friendly advice. That henceforward they should

“not engage in any disputes, nor take part in any quarrels, till they had previously examined — *both sides of the question.*” —

To delight in censure, is the characteristic of a splenetic, and savage mind: but to expatiate on the beauties of a production, is the mark of an ingenuous and candid critic.—It is with infinite pleasure we arrive to this exhibition, which indulges us with the most grateful incense, that of paying a just compliment to real merit.—If we consider it in the bare light of sentiment and satire, unaccompanied by the lecturer’s pleasing address on the occasion, we shall discover in it beauties well worthy our attention.—But when it receives the additional graces, from the mode of representation, it may be stiled a masterly performance.—The remarks on the head of FLATTERY are sentimental.—The transition to REPROACH metaphorical, and natural: And the moral which accompanies it just and instructive.—The statue of *Flattery* being the occasion of the first duel is prettily imagined, and leads to the fable, told (as that manner of instruction always should be conveyed) with harmless simplicity. The moral contained in the advice of the aged hermit, is beautiful and discretionary; leaving us agreeably affected with an exhibition, spirited and well connected.

V. “The last head it is true was finer than this. [*producing a droll head.*]—This belonged formerly to the statue of HONESTY, and seems to want a face, whilst *Flattery* possesses two.—She had often been maimed before, by the many rubbs she had met with in the world, but always preserved some appearance, until one day her statue was carried through *Change - alley*, when the *bulls* and *bears* fell upon it, and swore *Honesty* should never shew her face amongst them again.—This verified Mother *Shipton*’s prophecy, that honesty should one day or other be put out of

“coun-

“countenance.—The head is a little out of fashion
 “it is true at present, but it is soon to be fitted up
 “in taste, and then we shall present it to the world
 “as—a curiosity.—Till then, we will leave *honesty*
 “and return to the *law*.”—

THE introduction of this head of *Honesty* after the foregoing, is well timed.—The satire conveyed in a few words, is strong:—The observations are trite, and delivered with uncommon drollery.—

VI. “This is a compendium of law. [*exhibiting a Judge's wig and coif.*]—Special pleadings in
 “the foretop,—pleas, rejoinders—replications, and
 “demurs in each turn of the head—the knotty
 “points of practice in the twist of the tail—the
 “depth of the full bottom denotes the length of a
 “chancery suit—and the black coif at top, like a
 “blister, seems to tell us, that law is a great irritator,
 “and never to be applied but in very desperate
 “cases.”

THESE remarks are whimsical and witty; and have therefore an agreeable effect on the generality of the audience.

VII. “We shall now beg leave to change our
 “head-dress; for like a poor peruke maker, I am
 “obliged to mount several patterns upon one block.
 —[*Puts on the wig, and personates a judge.*]

“Hem—Law!—bugh--bugh—Law--is *Law*.
 “And as such—and as so forth,—nevertheless, not
 “withstanding—hereby, and aforesaid,—moreover,
 “and also.—

“*Law* is like a country dance, people are led up
 “and down in it 'till they are tired.—

“*Law*

“ *Law* is like a *book of surgery*,—there are a great many terrible cases in it.—

“ *Law* is like *physic*,—they that take least of it, are best off.—

“ *Law* is like a *new fashion*; folks are betwichted to get into it: and 'tis like *bad weather*—they are very glad when they are out of it.

“ We shall now mention a *case* in point BULLUM *versus* BOTUM: it was a cause, which came before me.

C A S E.

“ There were two farmers: farmer A.—and farmer B.—Farmer A. was seized or possessed of a *bull*: farmer B.—was seized or possessed of a *ferry-boat*.—Farmer B. having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay twisted rope-fashion, or *vulgo vocati* a hay-band,—went up town about noon (as was very natural for a man to do) to get his dinner. And farmer B's *bull* (as was very natural for a bull to do) just at the same time came down town, to look for a dinner. And there spying—seeing—finding out, or otherwise discerning some turnips in the bottom of the *boat*,—the *bull* scrambled into the *ferry-boat*, eat up all the turnips, and to make an end of his meal, eat up the hay-band likewise. The *boat* thus eat from her moorings, floated down the river with the *bull* in it.—Whereupon the owner of the *boat* brought an action against the *bull* for running away with the *boat*.—And the owner of the *bull* brought his action against the *boat* for running away with the *bull*. Accordingly notice was given for trial on both sides; BOTUM *versus* BULLUM:—BULLUM *versus* BOTUM.—

Now

Now

" Now the council for the *bull* addressed me, and
 " beg'd leave to observe, - - - That if my Lud!
 " the jury bring the *Bull* in guilty, the jury will be
 " guilty of a *bull*. For my Lud! how can we
 " punish what is not punishable?—How can we
 " eat what is not eatable?—How can we drink,
 " what is not drinkable? Or indeed as the law says,
 " how can we think upon what is not thinkable?—
 " The council on the other side insisted upon it,
 " that the *bull* ought to be nonsuited: because he
 " had not specified in his declaration of what *color*
 " he was: For says he very wisely—My *Loud!* the
 " *bull* must be of some *color*: and if he be not of
 " any *color*—what *color* could the *bull* be of.—I
 " over-ruled this motion myself by observing, that
 " the *bull* was a *white* one, and *white* was no *color*:
 " —and as to *color* it was very immaterial and came
 " improperly before us: because the law—*can color*
 " any thing.—The suits being left to reference,
 " upon the award both *bull* and *boat* were acquitted.
 " But I gave it as my opinion, that both *Bullum* and
 " *Botum* had a good action against the *Water Bailiff*.
 " —My opinion being taken, separate actions were
 " commenced against him.—But upon the *traverse*
 " a point of law arose, how—whereupon—why—
 " wherefore—and by what means, the *boat* not be-
 " ing a *compos mentis* evidence, how an oath could
 " be administered to him. But that point was soon
 " settled, by *Botum's* attorney saying, that for his
 " client he would—*swear any thing*.

" THE *Water-Bailiff's* charter was next examined,
 " taken out of the old records in true *law latin*,
 " which in true *law latin* run thus:—

" *Auqua*

“ *Augua baulesi, est magistratus in chiefi, super omnibus fishibus, habuerunt finnos & scalos, —claws— shells, & tailos; qui swimmare in freshibus, & saltos, —riveros, —lacos, —pondis, —canallibus & well-boats. —Sive oysterici, —shrimpi, —lobsteri, —prawni, —aque ac whitinos, —smellos, —turbutos, —solos, —not turbots alone, but turbots and soles both together.*”

“ BUT now comes the nicety of the law. The law is as nice as a new laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people—To avoid all quibbles (as the law is an enemy to quibbling) *Bullum* and *Botum* set forth in their declaration, that they were run away with both at the tide of ebb, and tide of flood. But it being proved to the satisfaction of the whole court, that it was neither on tide of ebb, nor tide of flood,—but just on the top of high water mark, they were both nonsuited. However such was the lenity of the bench,—such was the lenity of the law, that after paying all *costs*, they were permitted to begin again.—*de novo.*”——

THIS second attack on the law, furnishes us with new matter for commendation. In the former [vide Ex. I. Act. iv.] the gentlemen at the bar were particularly censured.—In this,—those of the bench. The imitations in both are masterly; but we think the lecturer is most happy in his last, which seems to have been levelled at old C—. The case at large is cited with all the law's wonted pomposity; and its strict propriety when compared to the practice of the courts, cannot but afford a pleasing entertainment, particularly as it abounds with strokes of wit, set off to great advantage by a humorous representation.

END of A C T IV.

A C T

A C T V.

[*Head of a Politician and City Epicure.*]

I. " **T**HIS head is a representation of one of the many thousands, which swarm in and about this metropolis, whose whole time is taken up between the affairs of the state—and the affairs of the kitchen. He was a great lover of politics, and venison. He thought that a cook was a great *Genus*: and to dress a turtle, comprehended all the arts and sciences.—He would no more miss a mail than he would a venison feast; but would hover over a news-paper for battles and slaughters, like a vulture over its prey; and thought that soldiers and sailors were only made to be knocked on the head, for him to read all about it in the news-papers.—He constantly read every political pamphlet, that came out on both sides the question, and agreed with the author which he read last.—And according to the humor he was in, he would call for his cap and his pipe, and send for the apothecary to come and sit with him a little. [*Lecturer puts on a cap and takes off the politician.*]

" ———STRANGE times neighbour *Costive*! —
 " ay! there are your commoners made lords! —
 " and your lords made the Lord knows what! —
 " I'll tell you what Mr. *Costive*: — What have
 M. " they

“ they done for the good of their country, these
 “ twenty years past?—why nothing at all; -----
 “ but made a few turnpike roads, and kept the
 “ partridges alive till September. But they make
 “ us pay our taxes for all that.—Ay! formerly
 “ there were some great men that loved their coun-
 “ try.—There was your *Alexanders the great* :—
 “ he loved his country!—There was your *Charles*
 “ of *Sweedlands*!—he loved his country.—There
 “ was your queen *Simillmus*! she was a dear lover
 “ of her country;—she did more for her country,
 “ than all of ’em put together; for she invented
 “ *Solomon Gundy*; and that’s the best eating in all
 “ the versal world.—I’ll shew you my plan of
 “ operations *Mr. Costive*.—Did you ever see such a
 “ plan in all your born days?—No I know you
 “ never did.—Suppose then this drop of punch to
 “ be the main sea, or the ocean—very well!—and
 “ suppose these bits of corks to be all our men of
 “ war! and as to your fortified places, why here I
 “ raise my fortifications! [*with pipes*]—Here’s your
 “ *Havannabs*!—and here is *Pondicherry*!—and
 “ here’s *Burgen-op-zoom*!—and here’s your *Tilbury*
 “ *fort*!—and *Tower ditch*, and all the other strong
 “ places in the world.—Well!—and now I would
 “ make all our army wear a new uniform. Our
 “ horse cavalry should wear air jackets, and our
 “ foot infantry cork waistcoats; and then they’d
 “ cross the sea, as soon as you could say Jack Ro-
 “ binson.—Now where do you think I should land
 “ ’em? whisper me—where?—anon?—you don’t
 “ know? why Lord help you how should you?
 “ you don’t understand *Gometry*, but I do; I un-
 “ derstand *Gometry*.—Put your ear close to me, and
 “ I’ll tell you where they should land: why in *Ame-*
 “ *rica*,

“rica,—under the line,—close to the South Pole. And
 “here’s my *Cattabaws*, and here’s my *Cattawaws*,
 “here’s my *Cherokees*, and here’s my *Ruffs and Rees*.
 “These are the four great nations; I’d make them
 “go all across the *Continent* from *Jamaica* to *Ben-*
 “*gal*.—And after that do you see!—I’d send *Admi-*
 “*rable Hawke* with a fleet of men of war to bom-
 “bard *Paris*, till the French king guaranteed all
 “the *Newfoundland* fishery to us, by *land carriage*.
 “———And then do you see—I’d send some flat-
 “bottomed boats over to *Holland*, because you
 “know that’s a flat-bottomed country——and then
 “——do you see?—I’d send Prince *Ferdinando*—I’d
 “send——do you take me right—do you see—
 “Prince —— —— Lord Mr. *Costive*, why
 “you are very dull. —— —— I’ll explain the
 “whole affair to you, you shan’t lose a bit of it.
 “——Where was I—oh thank you; prince *Ferdinan-*
 “*do*! so I was.—Well—Here is the king of *Po-*
 “*land*!—and the queen of *Hungary*!—and the
 “nabob of the *Hottentots*!—as they you know are
 “all in the protestant interest,—they’d make a di-
 “version in our favor, on the *Cream of Tartar’s*
 “back settlements.—And then do you see—then
 “comes prince *Ferdinando*—with a circumbendi-
 “bus—he comes round I say with a—*circum—ben-*
 “*dibus*, and then—and then——he’d—he’d—twist,
 “and—and cut, and there———there’s the whole
 “matter explained to you at once.”

THE whole of this representation is low, tedious, and
 unentertaining. A variety of inconsistencies are jumbled
 together to form this extraordinary being, which imagi-
 nation can never acknowledge to be any other than vision-
 ary. As in the formation of the character, there is not
 a single line but what is unnatural, so in the imitation,

there is not a part but is exhibited with the wildest extravagance.—If Mr. Stevens cannot considerably improve this fifth Act, it would be more pleasing to his audience to be curtailed of it, than to be mortified with the incongruities, the whole (except the following) is composed of.

II. “In the fourth part of this lecture a *Law*
 “wig was exhibited. In this will be given a
 “*Physical* one. — This is a caricature for both
 “*Doctor* and *Apothecary*. [*puts it on and takes up a*
 “*large muff*.]—Presuming we may now look some-
 “what like one of the faculty, we shall attempt a
 “dissertation on *sneezing*.——*Sneezing*,—is the in-
 “voluntary *impression*,—*compression*,—and *repression*
 “of the animal Spirits, and nervous fluids; acting
 “either hysterically, —sudorifically, —cosmetically,
 “or glysterically upon the lungs, those wind-gates,
 “of the nostrils by titulation, which we cog-nomi-
 “nate *sneezing*, so that the patient if he has a pocket
 “handkerchief,——*blows his nose in it*.——Is it not
 “laughable that the gentlemen of this profession,
 “should suffer the fashion so far to supersede their
 “understanding, as to give into all the farce of a
 “large wig’s formality? The satire however is not
 “pointed at the faculty, but at those, who will
 “not suffer a physician to approach the sick room,
 “but in all the parade of pomposity.——Alight-
 “ing from his chariot he lays by his sword! (Phy-
 “sicians wear swords to shew they have a commis-
 “sion to kill)——On the entering the sick room,
 “he takes off his glove——*deliberately*,——feels
 “the pulse——*scientifically*,——smells to his cane
 “*significantly*,——puts on the title page of think-
 “ing——*contemplatively*,——writes his prescrip-
 “tion

“tion—galenically,——and receives his fee——
“methodically.”——

A BLIND conformity to a ridiculous custom, in the peculiar mode of their dress, has ever rendered the gentlemen of the *faculty* proper objects for raillery. In days less enlightened than the present, those solemn trappings with which they are accoutred had their effect. But since the mask of credulity and superstition is in a great measure stripp'd off, however graced with external appendages, a man is found to be,——*but a man.*—We would not wish to hurry these useful members of the community, into an extreme, equally absurd. A *Maccaroni Physician*, would afford a transition more contemptible, than that folly we censure. Yet the happy medium between both extremes, would be more pleasing to the rational part of the creation, than the borrowed solemnity of an *owl*,—or the levity of a *monkey*.——The lecturer has been here too concise in his strictures, considering it is the only subject in this Act, that could afford him an opportunity of *shining*.——The imitation in the dissertation on *sneezing* is humorous. But we imagine Mr. Stevens might have borrowed some better hints from Foote's *Devil upon two sticks*.——He need not have been apprehensive of the censure of the *medical tribe*; since they have acquired the address, to parry a satirical invective, with unusual * pleasantry.

III. “By way of EPILOGUE, two wigs will be
“exhibited, to shew the different effects they have
“upon the same countenance. This forms the city
“epicure, who looks as if he had eat himself into
“a state of digestion, or bumper'd himself out of
“breath, with bottled beer. [*Turns round and puts*
“on

* Sir William Baker was one evening at the *Devil upon two Sticks*, when he was so admirably taken off by Foote.——The next morning he sent a polite card to the humorist, informing him, that the imitation was great, and only wanted one addition to render it exquisite; and that was his *Muff*, which he beg'd his acceptance of, for that purpose.

"on a full bottom, and takes off an Alderman at a city
"feast.]

"Pugh!—Pugh!—Bring another ladle—of —
"—*pugh!*—turtle soup.——You rascal—you—
"don't take off that haunch of venison—*a! pugh!*
"——A hot plate,—a glass of jelly,—and a
"lamp!——Hob-nob Sir?—with all my heart:
"—two glasses of *Madero*—*a! pugh!*—You and
"I—and the friends of the family."

IV. "On the contrary—these lank locks form
"the half-famish'd face. [*Puts them on, places*
"*part of a tub before him, and imitates a methodist*
"*teacher.*]

"——Bretheren!—Bretheren!——The word
"bretheren comes from the tabernacle, because we
"all *breathe-therein*.—If you are drowsy, I'll rouse
"you! and whisk the devil about you like a whir-
"ligig.——Now unto a bowl of punch will I com-
"pare *Ma-tri-mo-ny*. There is the sweet, or the
"sugar, that is the *honey-moon*.—There is the largest
"part and most insipid, the water; that's *what fol-*
"*lows after*.——Then there's the spirit, that's *the*
"*husband*—and there's the sour, that's *the wife*.——
"Let me ask you a question now seriously.——
"Did you ever see any body eat hot hasty pudding:
"what faces they make—*a! pugh!*—*a! pugh!*—
"*a! pugh!*——such faces will you make when Old
"Nick nicks you.——

"As the cat on the house-top is *eater-wauling*,
"So on the top of my voice will I be *baw-ling!*——

"Put some money in the plate!——Put some mo-
"ney I say in the plate!——Your abominations
"shall

“ shall then be scalded off, like bristles from a hog’s
“ back :——and you shall be scalp’d of all your
“ iniquities, as easily as I pull off this peruke.”

[*Lecturer comes forward on the stage.*]

“ On heads, faces and so forth, you’ve heard the pro-
“ jector,

“ And now he awaits your award of his lecture :

“ And since for meer mirth he exhibits this plan,

“ Condemn if you please—but forgive if you can.”——

As these two last exhibitions, which finish the Lecture, are scarcely distinguished by one friendly ray of merit, we could wish to pass them over unnoticed. They are as far beneath criticism, as they are beneath the lecturer; and except in the imitation of *Westley’s* lank visage, the whole is disgusting.——

THE reader must have found in the perusal of the LECTURE some genuine strokes of wit, and humor. It is but justice to observe, that the principal of its beauties are lost, or afford but a faint lustre, thus abstracted from that great address, and drollery, with which they are embellished in the representation.——As we have endeavoured to display its perfections, so have we impartially pointed out its defects.——This exhibition has been conducted at the Haymarket this season, so as to give infinite satisfaction, to crowded houses; as it is what no single speaker ever attempted before,—or perhaps has the abilities properly to carry into execution.—May the LECTURER continue to experience that encouragement from the public, which is due to his singular merit.——

E N D of A C T V.

F I N I S.